

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1334.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1842.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Excursions in and about Newfoundland, during the Years 1839 and 1840. By J. B. Jukes, M.A., F.G.S., &c. 2 vols. Murray.

MR. JUKES was employed to make a geological survey of Newfoundland; and in executing that design, traversed considerable portions of the interior, as well as skirted the coasts in a vessel hired for the purpose; and visited some of the smaller islands adjacent. The land is studded with lakes and ponds, and the bush is so dense that travelling, in many parts, is all but impossible. Our geologist had accordingly no small difficulties to overcome in his expeditions, which he met with all the ardour of a zealous cultivator of science.

It is truly stated in the preface that Newfoundland is almost a *terra incognita* to the people of England; and though recent debates in parliament may have made us a little better acquainted with its political deformities, we are still obliged to Mr. Jukes for the traits with which he supplies us respecting its physical features.* Of these we shall select what seems to us most worthy of notice; and therewith leave the work, which is of no great pretensions, to the indulgence of readers. We have mentioned the dog of Newfoundland, and shall begin with the description of an animal of this singular breed.

"The wind has shifted into the south-east again, not permitting us to stir, especially in such a heavy sea as was now rolling outside. A thin, short-haired, black dog, belonging to George Harvey, came off to us to-day. This animal was of a breed very different from what we understand by the term 'Newfoundland dog,' in England. He had a thin tapering snout, a long thin tail, and rather thin but powerful legs, with a lank body, the hair short and smooth. These are the most abundant dogs of the country, the long-haired curly dogs being comparatively rare. They are by no means handsome, but are generally more intelligent and useful than the others. This one caught his own fish. He sat on a projecting rock beneath a fish-flake, or stage, where the fish are laid to dry, watching the water, which had a depth of six or eight feet, and the bottom of which was white with fish-bones. On throwing a piece of cod-fish into the water, three or four heavy clumsy-looking fish, called in Newfoundland 'sculpins,' with great heads and mouths, and many spines about them, and generally about a foot long, would swim in to catch it. These he would 'set' attentively, and the moment one turned his broadside to him, he darted down like a fish-hawk, and seldom came up without the fish in his mouth. As he caught them, he carried them regularly to a place a few yards off, where he laid them down; and they told us that in the summer he would sometimes make a pile of fifty or sixty a day, just at that place. He never attempted to eat them, but seemed to be fishing purely for his

own amusement. I watched him for about two hours; and when the fish did not come, I observed he once or twice put his right foot in the water, and paddled it about. This foot was white; and Harvey said he did it to 'toll' or entice the fish; but whether it was for that specific reason, or merely a motion of impatience, I could not exactly decide. The whole proceeding struck me as remarkable, more especially as they said he had never been taught any thing of the kind."

In one of his excursions, attended by an Irishman named Kelly, Mr. Jukes relates—

"As soon as we left the boat, the men went up into the village; and Kelly said they would spend all the money in rum before they went home. We set out for Torbay by the same road we traversed yesterday, Kelly's tongue running on in spite of the difficulties of the path: among other things he said, speaking of the recent establishments of schools in the outports, 'What a fine thing it is, sir, to have them schoolmasters erected in every part of the country!' Nothing remarkable happened in our return, except that I felt absolutely faint with hunger before we reached Flat Rock, in spite of the dinner I had eaten at the Cape. Kelly's solution of this phenomenon was, that there was a kind of grass they called hungry-grass, and whoever passed over it immediately became so faint for want of food, that unless they could shortly obtain it, they would drop and perish by the way. On this account it was an established rule never to go even a few miles into the country without a cake of bread in the pocket, at least. I fancied the cause of my hunger was, that my English stomach, having been accustomed to beef and ale, disdained to be satisfied with tea and fish, in whatever quantity supplied, especially with an appetite sharpened by keen air and exercise. However that may be, I attacked the first house I came to, where we luckily got a quart of milk, which, with some bread and butter, carried us to Torbay."

A curious fact in natural history is next mentioned. "Much of this flat land was covered with raspberry-bushes; and Mr. Cousins informed me that, after a fire in the woods, the first thing that covers the ground is a luxuriant growth of raspberry-bushes, which are gradually succeeded by a thick wood of birch, although previous to the fire nothing but fir and spruce may have been seen for miles."

The wonderful transparency of the water is frequently alluded to:—

"The tides on the coast of Newfoundland are generally so small, the water never rising or falling more than six feet, and the coast is usually so bold, the water being deep close in shore, that they are practically disregarded, the only difference between high and low-water being, that a few feet more or less of perpendicular rock are covered with water. The first thing this morning I bathed; but, though the weather had now been very warm for more than a month, I found the water, even in this sheltered nook, bitterly cold, so that one plunge from a rock quite sufficed me. We derived, however, no advantage from it, as, while I was dressing, my attention was caught by some-

thing moving on the bottom twelve or fifteen feet below me, and I soon found it to be covered with lobsters. One or two of these, by means of a pointed stick, we managed to capture. The singular clearness of the water is most remarkable; when the surface is still, the echini, shell-fish, and cretinæ clinging to the rocks, crabs and lobsters crawling on the bottom, fish, medusæ, and myriads of sea-creatures floating in its depths, were as clearly visible to a depth of thirty or forty feet as in air itself."

The general view of the country is thus given from an elevated point:—

"The view was very extensive, commanding the greater part of Trinity and Placentia Bays, the high lands about the Bays of Bonnavista and Fortune, and a wide tract of the interior. The interior consisted almost entirely of marshes, dotted with ponds, and patches and strips of wood; a few ridges shewed either bare rock or white lichens, to contrast with the velvety green and yellow of the marshes, which are altogether deep wet moss. Although the sea was within five miles of us on one side, and the woods and hollows obscured them at a greater distance than eight or ten miles on the other, I counted no fewer than 152 ponds from the summit of this hill, none less than twenty or thirty yards across, and some of them half a mile or a mile wide. The height of the hill was probably 1000 or 1200 feet. We could trace several well-beaten deer-paths traversing the marshes, but saw no deer. I found, however, a bag of buck-shot on the top of the hill, which is used as a look-out by persons who come to shoot deer in the fall of the year. In descending we found a kind of track that led us out by a shorter way than the one we came; and close by the shore we found a kind of rude sledge that had apparently been hastily constructed to haul out the body of some deer over the snow. On returning to the vessel found myself very unwell, but was cured by a boiled ptarmigan and a basin of the broth. An English stomach accustomed to fresh meat is really very inconvenient to a traveller. In this hot weather I had loathed the salt pork and beef, and lived principally on tea and biscuit. Our water, too, lately had been got principally from brooks that flowed from the marshes, and was full of vegetable matter; so that, from bad living and the incessant attacks of the mosquitoes, I was nearly driven into a fever, and could neither eat, sleep, nor think."

The catching and curing of codfish, it is well known, are staple pursuits of the colony; and Mr. Jukes describes these processes at length. The following are among the particulars:—

"About the beginning of May all the population are on the alert, preparing for the fishery, laying in stores of summer provisions, and hooks, lines, nets, clothes, and the rigging of their boats. Towards the middle or end of May the first shoal of herrings, called by the natives the spring-herrings, appear. These are immediately caught in nets, and used as bait for the cod-fish. In the middle of June the capelin come in, and last to the middle of July; and with them commences the height of the fishery. Every man, woman, and child is

* Since writing this we have received Sir R. H. Bonycastle's *Newfoundland* in 1842, also two volumes; which we cannot, of course, review in the same No. with its immediate predecessor.—Ed. L. G.

then fully employed. A married man having a family usually goes out with his sons, takes his bucket full of capelin for bait, and rowing to the fishing-ground, generally a mile or two outside the harbour, anchors and commences fishing. Each person in the boat has two lines about twenty-five fathoms long, with two or more hooks. These he flings one on each side of the boat, the end of the line being made fast to the thwart. Feeling each occasionally, the moment he strikes a fish, he hauls him in, flings him down in the boat, baits the hook, and throws out his line again. When they get what they call a good spurt of fish, each person will sometimes be fully employed hauling in one line after the other, as fast as he can bait them and throw them out again. When this happens, an hour or two suffices to fill the boat, which then sails away with her cargo to the stage-head. Here the fish are forked out of the boat with a kind of boat-hook or pikel, the prong being stuck into the head, and the fish thrown up on to the stage much in the same manner as hay is thrown into a cart. On the stage are usually the females of the family, or a man or two assisted by females, as the case may be. The two most skilful of these are called respectively the header and the splitter. The business of the first is to cut the fish open across the throat and down the belly and pass it to an assistant, who taking out the liver drops that into a tub on one side, and tearing off the head and entrails throws them down on the other side. The liver is preserved to make oil, and the head and garbage drop into the water which flows underneath. The fish is then passed to the splitter, who by a dexterous movement cuts out the backbone from the neck nearly to the tail, and thus lays the fish entirely open and capable of being laid flat on its back. This is the most important part of the operation, and a good splitter always commands superior wages at a merchant's establishment. When split open, the fish are salted, laid in piles to drain, washed and salted again, and finally laid in the sun on clear days to dry and harden. While thus exposed they require much attention, and the women are constantly looking after them, laying them up in round heaps with the skin outward at night or on the approach of rain, in which state they look very much like small hay-cocks. Towards the end of July and the beginning of August, the capelin leave the shores, and the young squids or small cuttle-fish succeed them in myriads and supply their place. These are caught and cut up for bait, being a very favourite food of the cod; and when their season is over, these are succeeded by the 'fall herrings,' as they are called, or the autumnal herring-shoals. This is in September, which may be looked on as the close of the fishery. During the whole season the shell-fish, both of fresh and salt-water, are an excellent bait for the cod; and sometimes food is in such enormous abundance, that the fish get gorged and refuse all baits. In such case a jigger is resorted to, an implement I have already described as a plummet of lead armed with hooks, and drawn quickly up and down in the water, attracting the fish by its motion, and striking them as they swim around it. The jigger, however, is looked upon as objectionable, and ought only to be employed in cases of necessity, as it wounds more fish than it catches. I do not know the amount ever caught by a man with a hook and line in a single day, but it must sometimes be enormous, as it is stated by them as a cause for their devoting their whole time to it, that they have the chance every day of catching 5*l.* worth of fish. Now cod-fish at present is

not more than 15*s.* a quintal when dry and ready for exportation; and a quintal of dry fish is made from about three hundred weight of fresh or 'green' fish, consequently 5*l.* worth of fresh fish would be very nearly a ton weight. To get this quantity a man must catch 224 cod of an average weight of 10 lbs. each, or a greater number of less weight, in a day: and this, from what I have seen, I think by no means an impossible occurrence, and I have no doubt it sometimes takes place. A family of five or six active individuals in a good summer may thus make fish of the value of from 50*l.* to 100*l.* currency. Young and single men either join together, or hire themselves out at regular wages, or for a share of the produce, either to their own neighbours or to the merchants, the wages being generally 20*l.* for the summer, with rations. Lastly, many families in some of the outports, instead of 'making,' or curing their own fish, bring it as it is caught to the merchant's stores and stages, where it is cured by his own men. In some parts of the coast, where the water is sufficiently shallow for the purpose, the cod-fish are now caught in seines or other nets. This operation requires more capital to commence with than the mere boat and hooks and lines of the common fisherman. It is therefore chiefly pursued by the merchant, or by the richer and more considerable of the 'planters,' and a great jealousy exists on the subject in some places. Some people even go so far as to say that all nets should be prohibited, as destroying the chance of the poorer class. Setting aside the difficulty, however, of such a prohibition, there are some places, as about Greenspond and Cape Freels, where the net is used almost exclusively; and little cod would be caught without it. It is obvious, moreover, that the use of the net is advantageous to the trade at large, as shoals, or, as they are called, 'schools' of fish, may sometimes be seen sweeping alongshore that refuse to bite at all; and but for the net would escape altogether. Besides, there seems such an incalculable abundance of the fish, that there will always be enough to hook, enough to jig, enough to net, and more than enough to go away. One calm July evening I was in a boat just outside St. John's harbour, when the sea was pretty still, and the fish were 'breaching,' as it is termed. For several miles around us the calm sea was alive with fish. They were sporting on the surface of the water, flitting their tails occasionally into the air, and as far as could be seen the water was rippled and broken by their movements. Looking down into its clear depths, cod-fish under cod-fish, of all sizes, appeared swimming about as if in sport. Some boats were fishing, but not a bite could they get, the fish being already gorged with food. I speared one great fellow with the spike of the boat-hook; but there being no tail to it, he got away; and as far as I could see, that was the only fish touched. Had the ground been shallow enough to use nets, the harbour might have been filled with fish. • •

The value of the dry cod-fish alone exported every year from Newfoundland is, on an average, about 400,000*l.*; while the total value of the exported productions in fish, oil, and skins, is upwards of 700,000*l.* This, from a population of 70,000 or 80,000, proves the extent and value of their resources, especially when we take into consideration the quantity of fish consumed in the country."

On the western side of the island Mr. Jukes found an extensive coal-field; but so distant from the coast that it cannot, at any rate as yet, compete with the coal-fields of Cape Breton

and Nova Scotia. The writer, however, observes,—“As far as its natural capabilities and resources go, St. George's Bay and its neighbourhood is by far the most inviting part of Newfoundland. It is, indeed, the only part in which agriculture could flourish so as to become part of the resources of the country, and is likewise the only part which has any mineral wealth to boast of. Had the western shore of the island been the eastern, it would, before this time, have contained a populous and flourishing community.”

A trip to the ice, with a sealing expedition, describes, in an interesting though painful manner, the cruelties of that traffic. For instance:—

“I got several shots at old seals, but found the charges from my fowling-piece not heavy enough for them, as, though I wounded several severely, most of them got away, and I only killed one or two dead on the spot. Even the young ones, unless hit about the head or in the heart, will carry off a good deal of shot. I knocked over one young one that was shuffling off a pan; but notwithstanding this he popped into the water, and swimming about ten yards, crawled on to another pan, when I gave him the other barrel: he again got into the water, and on his crawling out, one of the men fired a sealing-gun at him, but the contents only striking him about the tail, he again got away, and it was only by shooting him in the head, as he raised it from the water, that I succeeded in killing him at last. Generally, however, the young ones did not attempt to stir as we approached them, and quietly suffered themselves to be knocked on the head with the gaff, and skinned on the spot. I saw one poor wretch skinned, or sculped, while yet alive, and the body writhing in blood after being stripped of its pelt. The man told me he had seen them swim away in that state, and that if the first blow did not kill them, they could not stop to give them a second. How is it one can steel one's mind to look on that which to read of, or even to think of afterwards, makes one shudder! In the bustle, hurry, and excitement, these things pass as a matter of course and as if necessary; but they are most horrible, and will not admit of an attempt at palliation. At this morning I was left alone to take care of the punt while the men were on the ice, the mass of dying carcasses piled in the boat around me, each writhing, gasping, and spouting blood into the air, nearly made me sick. Seeking relief in action, I drove the sharp point of the gaff into the brain of every one in which I could see a sign of life. The vision of one poor wretch writhing its snow-white woolly body with its head bathed in blood, through which it was vainly endeavouring to see and breathe, really haunted my dreams. Notwithstanding all this, the excitement of being out in the punt, forcing our way through narrow channels between the ice-pans into lakes of water, where old seals were sporting on every side, filling our boat with pelts, engineering so as to sweep over a mile or two of new ground, and return to the vessel by a different way from that we came, clearing the ice of seals as we went along, and the hunting spirit which makes almost every man an animal of prey, and delight in the produce of his gun or his bow, kept me in the punt till a late hour in the afternoon. In our first trip we brought thirty-three on board; in the second, forty-four; and in the third, a still greater number.”

Again:—“We breakfasted this morning on the hearts and kidneys of young seals fried: they were very good, being just like pig's fry,

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but rather more tender and delicate. At ten o'clock we pushed into the ice on a north-west course; presently we heard some young seals "bawling" a head, and in a short time we got among them, and most of crew went after them. The captain shot an old hooded seal on the ice; and Stuwitz and I went to cut him up and examine him. He was upwards of six feet long, and four or five in circumference in the thickest part of his body: on his nose and forehead was a great pulpy mass, like a black bag full of fat, overhanging above his eyes. This is the hood which, when angry or excited, can be blown out to a considerable size. He had a cold, malignant-looking eye, and his head altogether looked fierce and *outré*, something like a hippopotamus or rhinoceros. Stuwitz occupied about an hour in measuring and drawing him, after which we skinned him and cut him up. The flesh was very black, and strong, and muscular, the fibres of the muscles still quivering when we cut into them, although he had been dead so long. His bones, on the contrary, were very thin and slender for so bulky an animal. We were another hour in dissecting him, up to our elbows in black blood; and as it froze on our hands and arms, we were obliged occasionally to plunge them into his body to thaw and warm them. The fat was between two and three inches thick; the skin, when it got dry, was a very beautiful one, being a dark silver-grey, elegantly spotted with black: this is the natural colour of all the seal-skins, although when brought home the grey is changed to a dirty yellow, being soaked in the hold of the vessel with rancid fat.*

There are four kinds of seals;—but we must seal up our despatch for the press, and conclude with an anecdote of another creature:—

"As we were at dinner to-day we heard an outcry on deck, and, on running forward, found a fine young shark lying on a pan of ice alongside the vessel. A pile of seal-pelts had been gradually collected on the pan, which touched the bows of the vessel, and two men were standing on it helping to hoist them on board, when the shark, attracted no doubt by the pleasant savour, poked his nose up over the side of the pan, and the men immediately hooked him with their gaffs, and dragged him on to the pan without his making any great resistance. He was about ten feet long, and he lay quietly enough, giving merely an occasional lash with his tail, and suffered us to roll him over and haul him about with our gaffs. Stuwitz, of course, did not lose the opportunity of sketching his form, taking his dimensions, and cutting him up. In his stomach we found the hinder part of a young seal, part of a flatfish, and a small fish like a gurnet. His liver was six feet long, and occupied the greater part of his inside. Both his eyes were dull and opaque, and very much sunk in his head: they were apparently diseased, and each had a parasitical animal adhering to it (a *hernæopod*), about an inch and a half long, having two arms springing from its body that joined to form a small cup-shaped sucker by which they were attached. The structure of the shark's nose was very curious and delicate, having internally a series of rows of filaments on a common base, something like the gill of a fish. The five holes in his neck to admit water to his gills, his elastic jaws containing a fringe of teeth, and his extensive gulter armed with small hooked teeth pointing inwards, were among his best-known characteristics. His flesh was beautifully white, and the arrangement of its flakes and fibres very curious and beautiful. We had some of it dressed for tea, and found it not badly tasted, but rather

tough and dry, something like an old halibut. He scarcely moved while being cut up, but seemed almost as much alive after having his inside cleaned out and being slit open from head to tail as he was before. About an hour and a half afterwards, on cutting down through the head into the brain and spinal marrow, he gave one or two vigorous lashes with his tail, after which there was no more motion. After taking what parts of it Stuwitz wished to preserve, we left his carcass on the ice, a prey to the seals, if they chose to accept of it. Of these latter we had brought on board to-day 356, making now 4186 as our total number on board."

An appendix contains a summary of the natural history of Newfoundland, and a detailed geological survey; both, but especially the latter, replete with information. A map, on ever so small a scale, would have been a valuable addition to the work; which will, nevertheless, be perused with advantage without that accompaniment, for the information it gives respecting a colony too little known.

Contes Populaires des anciens Bretons, précédés d'un Essai sur l'Origine des Épopées Chevaleresques de la Table-Ronde. Par Th. de la Villemarqué. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, W. Coquebert; London, Bossange, Barthés, and Lowell.

An introduction gives an enthusiastic account of the celebration of the "Eistevod" at Abergavenny, in 1838, at which, it seems, M. Villemarqué produced a strong sensation by reciting a poem in Armorican, which was at once understood by the Cambrians present at the festival, and demonstrated the fact of a common origin.

The author proceeds to his *Essai* on the popular tales of the ancient Bretons,—a subject which has attracted the pens of many able men among various nations in Europe,—and divides the monuments of the famous Round Table into two classes—the profane and the religious. The bases he attributes to Cambrian bards from the sixth to the tenth century, and particularly to Taliesin and the Triads; an opinion with which the readers of the *Literary Gazette* know we do not agree. It is not expedient to return to the disquisition; the origin of the mythological Arthur can never be traced; but we cannot believe that his exploits were sung in Cambria at any thing like the early period ascribed to the bards. For the rest, the essay is written in an agreeable manner, though it adds little, if at all, to our previous knowledge; and we should not farther notice it but for the following correspondence, which involves so remarkable a charge of literary piracy, that its exposure must either be regarded as an act of strict justice, or its refutation must be looked for with more than common literary anxiety. With the work from Paris we received the following letter:—

"Paris (rue Jacob, 48, chez M. Coquebert), le 2 Mai, 1842.

"Mons. le Rédacteur,—J'ai l'honneur de vous adresser deux volumes intitulés *Contes Populaires des anciens Bretons, précédés d'un Essai sur l'Origine des Épopées Chevaleresques de la Table-Ronde*. Lady Charlotte Guest, qui a publié chez vous les textes de ces contes que j'avais reçu ordre d'aller étudier par le gouvernement français en 1838, a bien voulu m'associer à son travail, lequel paraît ainsi en partie double. Quant aux notes qui les accompagnent et à l'essai qui les précède, morceau capital de l'ouvrage, et mon œuvre, je l'abandonne à votre judicieuse critique.—Je suis, avec une haute considération, votre très humble confrère littéraire,

TH. DE LA VILLEMARQUÉ,

"Collecteur des Chants populaires de la Bretagne."

And we have also received the following from the publisher of Lady C. Guest's *Mabinogion*:—

"Llandover, July 26, 1842.

"Sir,—M. Théodore de la Villemarqué has recently published a work called *Contes Populaires des anciens Bretons*, a copy of which I presume he has not neglected to send to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. As a Welshman, and the printer of the Welsh text and English version of these tales or *Mabinogion*, now publishing by Lady Charlotte Guest, I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in calling your attention to the following statement. An authorised collection, with a translation of the Welsh *Mabinogion* has been regarded as a desideratum by all writers on romance, from Dr. Percy to Mr. Southey. The work has been often attempted, but never executed, for want of proper encouragement. Some years ago Lady Charlotte Guest determined herself to collect and translate these tales. She did so; and at the present time four numbers of her work are before the public, containing the Welsh text and an English translation of four of these tales, with certain explanatory notes. Now M. de la Villemarqué's work is a translation of the three first of these same tales into French. It is not, however, as he states, a translation from the original Welsh; but it is a translation from the English version of Lady Charlotte Guest, altered a little by occasional reference to the Welsh text. Both versions profess to be literal, and therefore would, under any circumstances, resemble each other; but it is singular, that wherever a doubtful word occurs in the original, which is very old Welsh, the French translator follows the English version. Of the English edition, four tales only out of a considerable number have appeared; M. de la Villemarqué has confined his translation to the three first of these tales, the whole that were then published. To the English edition were appended certain notes, some of which were derived from strictly local sources, and the whole collected together from very various authorities. These notes are also appropriated in the French translation, sometimes absolutely unchanged, sometimes a little altered, or taken to pieces and re-arranged, and often transposed from one story to another. Throughout the whole work there is not any acknowledgment of the appropriation; and, except in a passage in the notes, the only mention of Lady Charlotte Guest is in a very flippant paragraph in the introduction.* Any Welsh scholar will, at once, on comparing the two translations with the text, detect the piracy; with respect to the notes, a knowledge of Welsh

* This is not precisely the case; for in the introduction M. V. ventures to associate himself in no very proper manner with Lady C. G. "Parmi les monuments enfouis dans les bibliothèques galloises, se trouvent des recueils manuscrits d'anciens contes populaires bretons, d'origine armoricaine: on les disait de nature à éclaircir certains points obscurs de la poésie chevaleresque de l'Europe au moyen âge. Je fus chargé, par le ministère de l'instruction publique, de les rechercher, de les traduire, et de constater quels rapports ils pouvaient avoir avec l'ancienne littérature française. Une jeune Galloise, d'un esprit supérieur, qui, à l'exemple des principales familles du pays, consacra une portion de son immense fortune à favoriser la publication des documents celtiques, Lady Charlotte Guest, se réserva la première partie de cette tâche, et voulut bien m'y associer: elle fit imprimer plusieurs textes originaux, et poursuivit leur mise en lumière avec une intelligence et un courage adossés de tout éloges; j'entreprends seul la seconde en ce moment. Lorsqu'ils se séparèrent après leurs *grands* *syndes* de fraternité et d'union, disent les anciennes traditions bretonnes, nos pères de Galles et de Bretagne élevèrent sur le rivage la Pierre du souvenir. Telle voudrait paraître la publication de ces contes, fruits poétiques mûris autrefois sous un double rayon du soleil d'Armorique et de Cambrie, aujourd'hui cueillis pour l'Europe, par une Galloise et un Breton."

is unnecessary. Had M. de la Villemarqué, however, confined himself even to what I have pointed out above, I should probably have passed the matter over in silence, and trusted to the good sense and justice of the literary world to arrive at a correct conclusion from the evidence already before them; but M. de la Villemarqué has committed himself by an assertion upon a fact concerning which the public are misinformed. M. de la Villemarqué, in a note, tom. i. page 109, intimates that he published the romance of the Chevalier au Lion: *publié en Angleterre par l'auteur de cet essai en 1838*, referring to a copy of that romance printed in Parts I. and II. of Lady Charlotte Guest's Mabinogion. The facts are as follows:—Lady Charlotte Guest determined to render her work as complete as possible, by noticing with each of the Mabinogion its collateral romances in French, German, and other languages, from the original MSS. With this view M. de la Villemarqué was employed to copy for publication the MS. of the Chevalier au Lion, preserved in the Bibliothèque du Roi, at Paris. For this transcript M. de la Villemarqué received a stipulated sum from Lady Charlotte Guest. His copy, however, was not always legible, and therefore on the transcriber's happening to visit England a short time afterwards, I forwarded him some of the proof-sheets for correction, with his own copy: beyond this he had nothing whatever to do with the matter. It is M. de la Villemarqué's silence respecting the real origin of his *Contes Populaires*, that has, I see, misled your contemporary, the editor of the *Athenæum*, who has taken the trouble to translate back into English a story already published by Lady Charlotte Guest in that language! The English version has experienced somewhat different and more honourable treatment at the hands of M. Schulz, both in his Prize-Essay on the influence of Welsh tradition on the literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia, and in his recent translation of the Mabinogion into German.—I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM REES.*

From our own perusal and comparison of the works, we are forced to the conclusion that Mr. Rees' charge is just, and that M. Villemarqué has composed his *Contes Populaires* by translating into French from the English translation of Lady Charlotte Guest, and not from the original Welsh, as he pretends. Under such circumstances, we cannot feel ourselves called to give a favourable opinion of the Parisian publication.

France Daguerrotyped; or the War Fever. By Captain Pepper, author of "Written Caricatures," &c. Pp. 295. London, Saunders and Otley.

"FRANCE in her isolation defies all Europe in arms;" "speech of Adolphe Thiers, native of Gascony." Such is the epigraph on the title-page; and a complete key to the volume, which is a satirical exposure of that bad and dangerous feeling of enmity towards England, which exists in but too numerous a proportion of the French people. Between the evil consequences of that fever one great and good man, Guizot, has, happily for his country and for Europe, been raised up; and well will it be for the world, if his counsels prevail over the mad passions of an excited faction. We are hardly aware of the vast and immeasurable debt of gratitude we owe to the man of whom it can truly be said, "he has preserved the peace of Europe; he has saved the nations from all the horrors of war." In these few words how many blessings

are involved! how many woes avoided! how many gallant lives are protected—how much bloodshed, and desolation, and suffering averted from mankind! The office is godlike: may he who fulfils the mighty duty receive the glory which is his!

But we are too grave with the spicy badinage of Captain Pepper; who indulges in a bitter ridicule of the Thiers politics, and the results it is calculated to entail on those perturbed spirits who are bit by the Gascon mania. Of Thiers himself he writes:—

"Thiers's personal and administrative character reflect very perfectly the leading vices of his countrymen. The extravagant, the showy, and the stilted, 'irrespective of morality,' as Mr. Tooke, not of Finsbury, would say, were the little-great man's perpetual aim; and his was a dangerous vanity—as much more so than that of Eratostratus as the world is wider than the 'Ephesian dome.' It is now notorious that his resolute design was to precipitate France into a war with all Europe, no matter how frivolous the pretences, how groundless the jealousy which he magnified so monstrously through his press, or how reckless and enormous the outlay which his inflated conceptions engendered. His hyperbolically costly armaments, before seeking the authorisation of the Chamber, in a country calling itself constitutional, will remain through all time a brazen monument of inconceivable effrontery. He had palpably but one object—

—'quoenque modo rem'—incisi—

to insinuate the name of Thiers the Gascon into a paragraph in that same page of the history of the world which records the exploits of Napoleon the Emperor—and perchance to outstrip even him by becoming what not even he could prove himself—the humbler of England! How paltry and contemptible by the side of such lofty aims were the agencies which Thiers employed—shuffling, trickery, treachery, circumvention—all the brittle armoury of strutting incapacity!—Perrier and Walewsky despatched to Mehemet Ali to negotiate a French settlement of the question, in defiance of a solemn pledge of non-interference given to the four powers; French emissaries swarming in Syria and Egypt, written to by Thiers' own hand, and no copies kept of the correspondence; French ships of war covertly commissioned to hover on the skirts of our West India islands, and pounce on them at the first declaration of hostilities, though the South American coast was the destination assigned to them in reply to the explanation demanded by our ambassador—the Balearic Isles marked out for robbery as a measure of mere expediency—an extension of the French territory aimed at in every act, though in every official document most strenuously disclaimed;—such were the great yet petty villainies of Thiers the trickster! The Gascon betrayed his nature in every action. 'The pear is ripening!' he would exclaim in the midst of his officials, and draw himself up to his full height of five feet nothing, or thereabouts, folding his arms, Napoleon-wise, and protruding his abdomen in lieu of his chest, as he contemplated his own approaching handiwork:

'Emersura brevi flagrantia bella per orbem!'

His little vanity burst forth in an incautious revelation which Thiers during his premiership was weak enough to make to one of his familiars. 'I married too soon for my political

* We seldom allude to political matters; but Sir R. Peel's remarks on this momentous subject, the relations between France and England, in the House of Commons on Wednesday, embody the wisest and best sentiments of every good citizen of either country.

fortune. If I were a *garçon* still, j'épouserai la Princesse Clementine." Foudre de Guerre made a remark thereon which well illustrates the habitual profanity of familiar conversation, and which will not bear translation: 'La princesse doit cette préférence à ce que Dieu le père n'a pas de fille à marier!' I know not whether M. Thiers be so entirely under the guidance of his mother-in-law, Madame Dosne, as was universally alleged in the Parisian salons; but the fact is so, or public fame is an unconscionable liar. I have heard men enjoying the best opportunities of acquiring accurate information, describe Madame Dosne familiarly as the Egeria of the 'Foutriquet-Pompilius,' their contemptuous epithet for Thiers. The disgrace of petticoat-government was roundly alleged, and caricatures appeared, inscribed, 'Au lieu d'un homme, une femme d'état.' The constitutional *not* applied by Thiers himself to the Orleans dynasty was freely transferred to that of Thiers—'Thiers reigns, but does not govern;' and his administration was described as that of 'Cotillon [under-petticoat] the First.' Thiers having hesitated, when first he met the Chamber, to give a satisfactory *exposé* of his proposed system of government, internal and external, malicious persons averred that it was because Madame Dosne had not as yet had time to arrange his administrative programme. She was occupied, they said, *préalablement*, with important details of the toilet; but as soon as she had resolved on orange robe, and attained to the *ultimatum* on a rose-coloured *bibi*, she would turn her mind to putting a hem into the eastern question, and stitching up a general plan of policy. The affairs of France and Europe were for the moment *chez la couturière*! The ambassadors of foreign powers, who knew the state of affairs, lay by for the present, being resolved to treat only with *Madame le Ministre*; and, as the purity of Madame Dosne's southern *patois* was sufficiently known, their excellencies, who had previously had to do with Marshal Soult, would not perceive the slightest difference between them.

It is a well-known fact, that the formation of the cabinet of the 1st of March, with M. Thiers as premier, was delayed by the following circumstance. Thiers had concluded an agreement with the publisher Paulin for ten volumes of a *History of the Empire*, to form the suite of his *History of the Revolution*, and for them he was to receive the enormous price of 500,000*fr.* (20,000*l.*). Thiers made a difficulty of accepting the proffered portfolio, on the ground that if he accepted office, he could not complete his history, and his agreement with the publisher must therefore be completely broken off; or its execution postponed indefinitely,—a very inconvenient circumstance for Thiers with his habits of *grand seigneur*, seeing that the publisher had promised to advance the greater portion of the money. After much negotiation, M. Thiers being confessedly 'the man of the epoch,' and a prolongation of the crisis being likely to lead to the most serious results, the 500,000*fr.* were advanced to him out of the civil list, upon the guarantee of a transfer of an equivalent from the proceeds of the work; and M. Thiers, upon these terms, consented to become the saviour of his country! The foregoing 'transaction'—such is the correct diplomatic phrase—is matter of notoriety in every Parisian circle; and the two most celebrated acts of M. Thiers's administration were, his purchase of the *Messageur des Chambres*, to which journal he transferred the publication of the telegraphic despatches and the other official communica-

tions of the government, and his famous memorandums. The rejoinders of Lord Palmerston to these slippery documents, and the commentaries of all impartial-minded men, soon led to the detection of M. Thiers's hollowness and incapacity, and the presumed statesman was convicted of no better than a Cagliostro. Thereupon the directors of the civil list became suddenly alarmed. Upon M. Thiers's popularity as a political writer depended the success of his *History of the Empire*, upon which further depended the repayment of the 500,000*fr.* If M. Thiers's popularity were greatly to decrease, the chance of a large sale would decrease in proportion; and the publisher Paulin would of course avail himself of this circumstance to cancel his agreement. Now M. Thiers's diplomacy in the eastern question threatened to become the death of his literature in the *History of the Empire*, and his memorandums were likely, in the publisher's opinion, to cost him at least a matter of 50,000 copies of the work. If M. Thiers was suffered to go on with his unfortunate protocolising, the sale of the work, with the character of the writer, would have probably been utterly ruined; and Louis Philippe was not a little determined by this circumstance in conceiving and abiding by his resolution to *brusquer* matters with Thiers, and come to an open rupture with him, before the last shred of his diplomatic reputation, and of the chance of being repaid the half-million of francs, was scattered to the winds. The court accordingly quarrelled with the minister as to the wording of a mere reply to a provincial deputisation; and if the dispute was not about so trivial a circumstance as the placing of a comma, it was certainly not so grave that it might not have been amicably arranged, but for the existence of an *arrière-pensée*. M. Thiers was released from the cares of office, and sent back to the completion of his *Histoire de l'Empire*. Such are the secret, and apparently trivial circumstances, upon which the mightiest events hinge. How grandly the sublimated periods of historians march—how keenly piercing is their glance at motives—how finely deduced their philosophical conclusions—while all the time an I O U, a gambling debt, a personal disrelish, a pimp or a petticoat, is the pivot upon which crises turn—the basis upon which eras and dynasties are founded:

'And gospel-light first shone from Boleyn's eyes!'

Against the national character our author is no less bitter. He says, "The oddly-grained admixture of sublime emotions and bestial propensities, of exaggerated sentiments and equally exaggerated crimes—this blending of patriotism with braggart strut, and bravery with abject meanmess—of lofty aspirations after the beautiful in art, fastidiousness, singular refinement of taste, with all that is depraved and despicable in action, is essentially and inalienably French."

And again:—

"Nothing can be more absurd than the *prestige* which still exists amongst a few antiquated, and a vast number of bull-headed folks, that the French, forsooth, are a polished people. The notion is utterly erroneous. On the contrary, the coarsest and worst-bred race on the face of the globe is to be found amongst the existing inhabitants of France. The North American savages are courteous and chivalrous in their bearing, by comparison. The Ashantee and the Hottentot are not substantially worse. Refinement, delicacy, ordinary consideration for the feelings of friend or foe, there is none amongst them. An English lady was as likely, during the recent frenzy, to be insulted by

them as a solitary English red-coat. In every place of public resort you meet the manners of the guard-room, the reek of garlic and tobacco-smoke, the hawking and spitting of the cabaret, and the loud and ear-splitting language of a mill. It is all *laissez aller*, *nonchalance*, and intense effrontery. Good manners may still be found amongst the highly educated circles, but no where else. French polish, forsooth! It is only to be seen on their boots!"

But we would rather have a little of the lighter than more of the abusive matter.

"To turn to a pleasanter theme: the heaviness of John Bull's attempts at wit is a common topic in the salons of Paris. It has required all my good humour, and, perhaps, some little readiness of repartee, to 'hold my own,' as it is phrased, amidst these multiplied attacks. The diplomatic articles of the London journals, most scantily and imperfectly translated into those of Paris, have been the subject of severe and frequently farcical comment. With what *finesse*, what *esprit*, what delicacy of irony (quoth my Parisian assailants) your countrymen perform the task of enlightening us as to our true policy! Then the wit of your writers is so refined. John Bull, affecting the jocose, appears to us precisely like a rhinoceros attempting to dance upon the tight rope! His fine epigrams are the heavy hits of a boxer in your stomach. He reduces his opponents, as he would soften a beefsteak, with thumps of a beetle. A *spirituelle* countess informed me one evening that a caricature had made its appearance in London (I know not whether this be true or false) borrowed from the fable of 'The frog striving to make itself as big as the ox.'—'*Ma foi* (said the lady), the allusion appears to me to be as *piquante* as it is ingenious. The frog is France, and England has chosen to personify herself by the ox—that is to say the bigger beast! In the laugh which followed this *mot* I had no alternative but to join. A mining dandy hereupon took up the ball and said, 'The British ox may graze contentedly. We flatter ourselves that France has no desire to imitate him. The fable was altogether inapposite.'—'True,' said I, 'it should have been the fox and grapes.' The laugh was with me this time; for he it conceded to the French, with all their vanity, that they are as ready to laugh at themselves as at foreigners, law, religion, morality, or any thing else which they hold in equal indifference. The French is beyond all dispute the most charming conversational language in Europe. This arises in great part from the refinement with which it discriminates the most delicate *nuances* of meaning. Take as an instance the following. The pretensions of a certain individual to the quality of a 'literary man' were the subject in dispute. The person maintaining the negative closed the discussion by this acute distinction: 'I concede that N. is *intelligent et lettré*—*être intellectuel et littéraire, c'est bien autre chose*.' The difference between the French *calembourg* and the English pun is that the former is usually allied with wit of thought, while the latter at once betrays its poverty by assuming the shape of a mere verbal quibble. The genuine *calembourg* is affluent in meaning. Thus, M. Guizot once, at a diplomatic dinner, having been much bored by a Spanish *chargé d'affaires* upon his presumed *penchant* for Spanish literature, exclaimed, '*Les lettres d'Espagne! Mais, mon ami, elles manquent diablement. Les lettres de change y sont les belles lettres*.' Here is a charming *calembourg* by the Duke of Nemours. The Duc de Glucksberg, a son of the Duc Decazes, grand referendary, and an intimate friend of M. de Nemours, having ob-

served to the latter at a court-ball, at sight of a well-known Polish beauty, '*Sapristie, j'aime cette femme*,' '*Sept à la fois! Quel Barbe Bleu!*' exclaimed the prince most felicitously, '*cette*' and '*sept*' being nearly identical in sound. * * The factory-children question has been much discussed of late in France. The Chamber of Peers ultimately decided that no child, engaged in any description of manufacture, should be employed for a longer period than eight hours a day. '*Farceurs!*' said the Baroness Dudevant, 'and this has been decided by old children who do nothing at all!'

Of the system of espionage, the captain assures us:—

"It was reserved for France to furnish the disgusting commentary which makes the *entre-médiaire* a police-spy; and from long residence in Paris, I can confidently assert that there is not a café, estaminet, cabaret, or *débit de vins*, frequented by the students or operative population, which has not its two or three disguised police-agents regularly attached to it, and its half-dozen quarrels per night, in consequence of some one of each party being suspected and taunted as a *mouchard*, which usually terminate in a visit to the commissary of police for the quartier."

Here is the contrast to the character of Thiers, which we quoted on the beginning of our notice:—

"Opposed *toto cœlo* to the ostentatious splendour and gaudy gimcrackeries of M. Thiers's domiciliary arrangements in the Place St. George, is the quiet, yet elegant, and most gentlemanly economy of M. Guizot's establishment in the Rue Neuve des Capucins. The households are types of the men; the domestic management of each is strongly characteristic of their respective systems; the very aspect and demeanour of the servants smack of their masters. M. Thiers aims at lavish magnificence, and is wasteful and coarsely profuse, with a vein of vulgarity running through all his splendour, as is usually the case with the *nouveaux riches*. Amid M. Guizot's penates, on the other hand, reigns an air of aristocratic *maintien* and unaffected elegance, attainable only by consummate taste (as in his case), or by having been born and bred to it, as in the highest circles of society in England. There is not a particle too much or too little either on his festive board or in the *ameublement* of his apartments. The appearance of vulgar superfluity is most fastidiously guarded against; and the consequence is, that the Thiers faction have most falsely put in circulation a charge of niggardliness against M. Guizot in the style of his entertainments. The fact is, that these animals are for the most part incapable of understanding the graceful mean of unostentatious elegance, and the quiet clock-work movements which, to men of real taste and *savoir vivre*, contrast so favourably with the bustle, glitter, and hurry-scurry of M. Thiers's household. * * * The vulgar French cannot comprehend any thing which has not a dash of glare and stage-trickery over it, and they therefore do not appreciate the repose of Louis Philippe's *salons*. Hence, when one of the lower joints of Thiers's tail is by some extraordinary accident permitted to wriggle itself into the interior of the Tuileries on an evening, he feels quite astounded at the easy, domestic attitude of the royal personages present, who are neither swollen nor stilted like Thiers; and because he has not been able to stuff himself to repletion with ices, jellies, and gateaux, and drink his half-dozen of Champagne and Burgundy (the presumption there being that all the guests are gentlemen,

and accustomed to moral restraints), he goes back to his sensual circle with a complaint, that 'at certain august receptions refreshments exist only in a purely mythic state.'

Of the diabolical in the popular dramas we learn,—

"My readers may form some idea of the cool complacency with which these things are received by the Parisian population, as if their titles did not contain the least sprinkling of blasphemy, from the following literal translation of an ordinary advertisement in the newspapers: 'Today, Sunday, the 31st January, the theatre of the Renaissance will give its fifth masked ball. This announcement is well worthy the attention of those who have not yet assisted at these brilliant nocturnal fêtes, who have not heard Dufrené and his powerful orchestra executing the Infernal Galop of the Last Judgment, and who have not seen the splendid lighting of the Renaissance by gas, which was tried for the first time at the last ball.'

With this we conclude; having extracted, we are sure, enough to exhibit the character and quality of Capt. Pepper's lucubrations. Some ludicrous caricatures embellish the text; and his remarks on many political personages are alike sarcastic and piquant. The right-minded of the French people can well afford to laugh at his satire; on the evil disposed and vicious the scourge is pungently and rightly laid. Witness one farther extract:

"*Catéchisme du Soldat Français, ou Dialogue Historique sur les Campagnes modernes de l'Armée Française; ouvrage dédié à la Vieille Armée, par Constant Taillard. A Paris, Bataille et Bosquet, Libraires.*" This book, which is the military *vade-mecum* of the French population, and regarded by nineteen-twentieths of them in the light of Gospel, contains the following account of Waterloo:—"Having crushed the Prussians, what did the emperor do next? He rushed upon the English. He found them close to Mont St. Jean; and although totally separated from his right wing, which he had entrusted to Marshal Grouchy, he did not hesitate to attack, in the proportion of one against two, 120,000 English! Crushed at every point, broken in every sense, and flying in disorder, the English called on the earth to open its abysses to hide them. When they did advance, it was with trembling; but the first soldiers of the earth (the French) surpassed themselves, during two days, in the proportion of one against four!!!"

The Two Dangerous Diseases of England, Consumption and Apoplexy, &c. By Rowland East, Surgeon, &c. 8vo, pp. 129. Lee, London.

MR. ROWLAND EAST in the field again, and ready to break another lance with us! He is the very Quixote of medical literature. His shield is on this occasion blazoned with the two dangerous diseases of England; the two only dangerous, the two most dangerous, or the two commonly dangerous, is left to be opined. In some respects, the present literary tilting-match is undertaken in a more sober spirit than the last we had occasion to witness. "We do not," he says, "as practitioners of medicine, indulge the hope that disease will ever be abolished, as we deem its manifestations to bear the same affinity to death as the gathering of the clouds and darkening of the heavens to the thunder-shower;" but before a page is passed, he is again riding the moral steed; "the physician who merely relieves physical pain has not completed his sacred duties; grief has to be assuaged—the violence of passion

to be subdued—hope kindled in the bosom of despair—and the mind, when it resembles

'Sweet bells jangled out of tune,'

has to be restored to its harmony and music." The tilting soon after this commences in earnest; the favourite horse is ridden with all the pomp and circumstance due to so great a warrior: "we contemplate the circle of observation, embracing the terrible, the beautiful, the majestic, or the sorrowful; the stern form of a tomb bounds the horizon." But such a sad object ought not to be withheld from our contemplation; for "the believers in premonitory, preparatory, and purgatorial Christianity, who regard death as a serious, but not dreadful, thing—as a prelude to another state of being, deem impending death a momentous thing, and shrink from concealing its coming, as a sin against the Holy Ghost." This serious subject is relieved by considerations on life and immortality, with some speculations as to the state of the human body prior to the fall, and illustrated by a quotation from Lucretius. Like the clouds previously spoken of, however, this gloom and mist disappear:

"O think not, sun, I shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark."

Death has less of terror to the mind of a true man than the chances of dishonour.

"O gods!
The comforts of a lawful suicide!
The joy of hunting after death!"

This, then, with certain discussions on the duty and destiny of the physician, completes—to drop the figurative style of our author—his introduction to the reader. The remainder of the work is occupied by two long chapters on consumption and apoplexy, their causes, nature, prevention, and remedies. The subject-matter is diversified with less poetry, both in prose and verse, than the introduction; still, it is carried through and is characteristic of the whole, much more so than its philosophy; for the great cause of consumption is proclaimed as being predisposition, which is itself a result of diseased or inefficient action, exposing the organ so affected to greater degrees of disease and final disorganisation. But a style of this kind suits many purposes: it is striking; it may—but we hope not—be popular; it gives an idea of high energy and daring on the part of the author who adopts it; it enables him to mystify a little: *ex. gr.* "Again and again during the last few months has the author been summoned to witness its (apoplexy) fatal consequences;" then follows an account of Mr. Hermann's death, as if the author had assisted thereat. We have no doubt ourselves that this is one of the "minds so sensitive and powerful," which, "as the deep, intense, and long-continued action, which created the poem or framed the brief," must vent itself forth in the eccentric language of genius unfathomable, "All partial evil, universal good."

CHRISTOPHER NORTH'S RECREATIONS.

VOL. II.

Now for a concluding *mélange*, comprehending Phin the rod-maker—Hamish the Highlander—Ponto the dog—Diana the moon—the queen of the fairies—Ossian—Johnson—Macpherson—and Wordsworth.

"Phin! this rod is thy masterpiece. And what gut! There she has it! Reel-music for ever! Ten fathom are run out already—and see how she shoots, Hamish;—such a Somerset as that was never thrown from a spring-board. Just the size for strength and agility—twenty pound to an ounce—jimp weight, Hamish—

ha! Harlequin art thou—or Columbine? Assuredly neither Clown nor Pantaloon. Now we have turned her ladyship's nose up the stream, her lungs, if she have any, must be beginning to labour, and we almost hear her snore. What! in the sulks already—sullen among the stones. But we shall make you mudge, madam, were we to tear the very tongue out of your mouth. Ay, once more down the middle to the tune of that spirited country dance—'Off she goes! Set corners, and reel! The gaff, Hamish—the gaff! and the landing-net! For here is a shallow of the silver sand, spreading into the bay of a ford—and ere she recovers from her astonishment, here will we land her—with a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether—just on the edge of the greensward—and then smite her on the shoulder, Hamish—and, to make assurance doubly sure, the net under her tail, and hoist her aloft in the sunshine, a glorious prize, dazzling the daylight, and giving a brighter verdure to the woods. He who takes two hours to kill a fish—be its bulk what it may—is no man, and is not worth his meat, nor the vital air. The proportion is a minute to the pound. This rule were we taught by the 'Best at Most' among British sportsmen—Scrope the matchless on moor, mountain, river, loch, or sea; and, with exquisite nicety, have we now carried it into practice. Away with your useless steelyards! Let us feel her teeth with our fore-finger, and then hold out at arm's length—so—we know by feeling, that she is, as we said soon as we saw her side, a twenty-pounder to a drachm, and we have been true to time, within two seconds. She has literally no head; but her snout is in her shoulders. That is the beauty of a fish—high and round shoulders, short waisted, no loins, but all body, and not long of terminating—the shorter still the better—in a tail sharp and pointed as Diana's, when she is crescent in the sky. And lo, and behold! there is Diana—but not crescent—for round and broad is she as the sun himself—shining in the south, with as yet a needless light—for daylight has not gone down in the west—and we can hardly call it gloaming. Chaste and cold though she seem, a nunnish luminary who has just taken the veil—a transparent veil of fine fleecy clouds—yet, alas! is she frail as of old, when she descended on the top of Latmos, to hold dalliance with Endymion. She has absolutely the appearance of being in the family-way—and not far from her time. Lo! two of her children stealing from ether towards her feet. One on her right hand, and another on her left—the fairest daughters that ever charmed mother's heart—and in heaven called stars. What a celestial trio the three form in the sky! The face of the moon keeps brightening as the lesser two twinkle into larger lustre; and now, though day is still lingering, we feel that it is night. When the one comes and when the other goes, what eye can note, what tongue can tell—but what heart feels not in the dewy hush divine, as the power of the beauty of earth decays over us, and a still dream descends upon us in the power of the beauty of heaven! But hark! the regular twang and dip of oars coming up the river—and lo! indistinct in the distance, something moving through the moonshine—and now taking the likeness of a boat—a barge—with bonneted heads leaning back at every flashing stroke—and, Hamish, list; a choral song in thine own dear native tongue! Sent hither by the queen of the sea-fairies to bear back in state Christopher North to the tent? * * All at once the moon is like a ghost;—and we believe—Heaven knows why—in the authen-

city of Ossian's Poems. Was there ever such a man as Ossian? We devoutly hope there was; for if so, then there were a prodigious number of fine fellows, besides his bardship, who after their death figured away as their glimmering ghosts, with noble effect, among the moonlight mists of the mountains. The poetry of Ossian has, it is true, since the days of Macpherson, in no way coloured the poetry of the island; and Mr. Wordsworth, who has written beautiful lines about the old Phantom, states that fact as an argument against its authenticity. He thinks Ossian as we now possess him, no poet; and alleges, that if these compositions had been the good things so many people have thought them, they would, in some way or other, have breathed their spirit over the poetical genius of the land. Who knows that they may not do so yet? The time may not have come. But must all true poetry necessarily create imitation, and a school of imitators? One sees no reason why it must. Besides, the life which the poetry of Ossian celebrates has utterly passed away; and the poetry itself, good, bad, or indifferent, is so very peculiar, that to imitate it at all, you must almost transcribe it. That, for a good many years, was often done, but naturally inspired any other feeling than delight or admiration. But the simple question is, Do the poems of Ossian delight greatly and widely? We think they do. Nor can we believe that they would not still delight such a poet as Mr. Wordsworth. What dreariness overpreads them all! What a melancholy spirit shrouds all his heroes, passing before us on the cloud, after all their battles have been fought, and their tombs raised on the hill! The very picture of the old blind hero-bard himself, often attended by the weeping virgins whom war has made desolate, is always touching, often sublime. The desert is peopled with lamenting mortals, and the mists that wrap them with ghosts, whose remembrances of this life are all dirge and elegy. True, that the images are few and endlessly reiterated; but that, we suspect, is the case with all poetry composed not in a philosophic age. The great and constant appearances of nature suffice, in their simplicity, for all its purposes. The poet seeks not to vary their character, and his hearers are willing to be charmed over and over again by the same strains. We believe that the poetry of Ossian would be destroyed by any greater distinctness or variety of imagery. And if, indeed, Fingal lived and Ossian sung, we must believe that the old bard was blind; and we suspect that in such an age, such a man would, in his blindness, think dreamily indeed of the torrents, and lakes, and heaths, and clouds, and mountains, moons and stars, which he had leapt, swam, walked, climbed, and gazed on in the days of his rejoicing youth. Then has he no tenderness—no pathos—no beauty? Alas for thousands of hearts and souls if it be even so! For then are many of their holiest dreams worthless all, and divinest melancholy a mere complaint of the understanding, which a bit of philosophical criticism will purge away, as the leech's phial does a disease of the blood. Macpherson's Ossian, is it not poetry? Wordsworth says it is not; but Christopher North says it is, with all reverence for the king. Let its antiquity be given up—let such a state of society as is therein described be declared impossible—let all the inconsistencies and violations of nature ever charged against it be acknowledged—let all its glaring plagiarisms from poetry of modern date inspire what derision they may—and, far worse, the perpetual repetition of its own imbecilities and inanities, wearying one down even to dis-

gust and anger;—yet, in spite of all, are we not made to feel, not only that we are among the mountains, but to forget that there is any other world in existence, save that which glooms and glimmers, and wails and raves around us in mists and clouds, and storms and snows—full of lakes and rivers, sea-intersected and sea-surrounded, with a sky as troublous as the earth—yet both at times visited with a mournful beauty that sinks strangely into the soul—while the shadowy life depicted there eludes not our human sympathies; nor yet, aerial though they be—so sweet and sad are their voices—do there float by as unbelov'd, unpitied, or unhonoured—single, or in bands—the ghosts of the brave and beautiful; when the few stars are dim, and the moon is felt, not seen, to be yielding what faint light there may be in the skies.—The boat in a moment is a bagpipe; and not only so, but all the mountains are bagpipes, and so are the clouds. All the bagpipes in the world are here, and they fill heaven and earth. 'Tis no exaggeration—much less a fiction—but the soul and body of truth. There Hamish stands stately at the prow; and as the boat hangs by midships on the very point that commands all the echoes, he fills the whole night with the 'Campbells are coming;' till the sky yells with the gathering as of all the clans. His eyes are triumphantly fixed on ours to catch their emotions; his fingers cease their twinkling; and still that wild gathering keeps playing of itself among the mountains—fainter and fainter, as it is flung from cliff to cliff, till it dies away far—far off—as if in infinitude—sweet even and soft in its evanescence as some lover's lute.—We are now in the bay of Gleno. For though moonlight strangely alters the whole face of nature, confusing its most settled features, and with a gentle glamour blending with the greensward what once was the grey granite, and investing with apparent woodiness what an hour ago was the desolation of herbless cliffs—yet not all the changes that wondrous nature, in ceaseless ebb and flow, ever wrought on her works, could metamorphose out of our recognition that glen, in which, one night, long—long ago—

'In life's morning march, when our spirit was young,' we were visited by a dream—a dream that shadowed forth in its inexplicable symbols the whole course of our future life—the graves, the tombs where many we loved are now buried—that churchyard, where we hope and believe that one day our own bones will rest."

The "Highland Snow-Storm" is a narrative pitched on another key, and is full of imaginative painting, of poetical description, and of the tragic elements, pity and terror. On the story we do not mean to enter: it is interesting; and it ends as all stories should—well.

The "Holy Child" is a sketch of infantine purity, innocence, and beauty—the sublimated elements of the most ethereal parts of human nature. She is like a snowdrop, and "fair as a star, when only one is smiling in the sky." But what can be made of her, save to depart to her proper sphere?—and she exhales to heaven in the unsullied stainlessness of childhood. The sketch forms an admirable companion to Dickens's little scholar in the "Old Curiosity-Shop." Professor Wilson has himself done something of the same kind in verse, under the title of "Aurora," who might well have been twin-sister to

"Heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb."

"Our Parish," we will be bound to say, is no fancy-sketch, but drawn from the reality. We pass over the hills, which to boyhood's eye seemed mountains; and also the moors, lonely

and spirit-haunted, to come to the four Lochs—the Little Loch, the White Loch, the Black Loch, and the Brother-Loch. Here is one of them labelled and docketed:—

"The Little Loch was the rushiest and reed-iest little rascal that ever rustled, and he was on the very edge of the moor. That he had fish we all persisted in believing, in spite of all the successful angling of all kinds that from time immemorial had assailed his sullen depths—but what a place for powheads! One continued bank of them—while yet they were but eyes in the spawn—encircled it instead of water-lilies; and at 'the season of the year,' by throwing in a few stones you awoke a croaking that would have silenced a rookery. In the early part of the century a pike had been seen basking in the shallows, by eye-measurement about ten feet long; but fortunately he had never been hooked, or the consequences would have been fatal. We have seen the Little Loch alive with wild-ducks; but it was almost impossible by position to get a shot at them, and quite impossible, if you did, to get hold of the slain. Fro himself, the best dog that ever dived, was baffled by the multiplicity of impediments and obstructions; and at last refused to take the water—sat down, and howled in spiteful rage. Yet Imagination loved the Little Loch, and so did Hope. We have conquered it in sleep both with rod and gun—the weight of bag and basket has wakened us out of dreams of murder that never were realised: yet once, and once only, in it we caught an eel, which we skinned, and wore the shrivel for many a day round our ankle—nor is it a vain superstition—to preserve it from sprains. We are willing the Little Loch should be drained; but you would have to dig a fearsome trench, for it used to have no bottom. A party of us—six—ascertained that fact, by heaving into it a stone which six-and-thirty schoolboys of this degenerate age could not have lifted from its moss-bed; and though we watched for an hour, not a bubble rose to the surface. It used sometimes to boil like a pot on breathless days; for events happening in foreign countries disturbed the spring, and the torments it suffered thousands of fathoms below were manifested above in turbulence that would have drowned a schoolboy's skiff."

The White Loch is the next; but we must not exceed our bounds even for the sake of these vivid delineations.

"May-day" may be considered a continuation of the same subject, but devoted less to the scenery of the parish than to its characteristic personages. The story of Laurie Logan and Annie Raeburn is in our author's best peculiar style.

Having been as profuse as we could be in our extracts, we cannot venture to discuss at length the masterly essay on Sacred Poetry. After demolishing Dr. Johnson's able but sophistical remarks on the subject of sacred poetry, as being an unfit theme for poetical genius, and beyond the powers of uninspired man, Professor Wilson goes on to show that the distinctive character of poetry (namely, to please) has been credited almost universally, but without a proper understanding or investigation of the subject. His arguments are full of force, and his remarks of critical acumen. But the most curious part of the essay is that relating to Wordsworth, to whom the critic denies the name of a religious poet, shewing that in the *Lyrical Ballads*, and up to the publication of *The Excursion*, revealed religion is not alluded to by the bard of the lakes, and that even the religion of *The Excursion* itself is less Christianity than Pantheism.

The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times. By R. R. Madden, M.D., author of "Travels in the East," &c. 2 vols. J. Madden and Co.

If any thing could reconcile us to a political review, it would be the pen of Dr. Madden. But if to politics in general we present a negative pole, to Irish politics in particular our repulsion is a hundredfold more intense. The curse of Ireland for centuries has no charms for us. Rebellions and massacres, murders and executions, conspiracies and treacheries, present a frightful picture for contemplation; and when we add to these bolder features the still darker traits of perjury and persecution in the name of religion, we cannot but recoil from whatever period of the history of the country in which they reached a crisis, be its date ancient or modern—the battle of the Boyne, or the battle of the Diamond.

If the retrospect had ever enabled us, or was likely to enable us, to avoid similar evils in the future, we would willingly toil and drag through the black pages of Ireland's errors and sufferings; but it seems to be one of the enigmas attached to this unhappy land, that no experience makes it wiser, no afflictions better. A bountiful Providence has done every thing for it; and how the ingenuity of man could have marred so much has ever been to us an inexplicable mystery. All we can say is, that we hope, or rather we do not despair; and to such readers as desire to see a striking view of Irish affairs, and the men who took the lead in them during the struggles of the "United Irishmen," Dr. Madden's work will afford that view. Many of the personal anecdotes are of deep and tragical interest.

Botany for Ladies; or, Popular Introduction to the Natural System of Plants, according to Candolle. By Mrs. Loudon. Pp. 493. London, J. Murray.

The Pictorial Catechism of Botany. By Anne Pratt. Pp. 230. Suttaby and Co.

The Botanical Looker-out among the Flowers of the Fields, Woods, and Mountains, &c. By E. Lees, F.L.S. Pp. 376. Tilt and Bogue; Cheltenham, H. Davies.

Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science. Botany. Pp. 536. Wright, Allis, and Bagnall; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Four botanical publications, all acceptable in their various ways and degrees. The first brings us truly and sufficiently acquainted with the system of Candolle; the second conveys elementary instruction; the third is a very pleasing and literary guide to the beauties of our wild-flowers through every month of the year; and the last merits the praise of being a well-arranged view of the chief tribes of flowering plants.

The True State of the National Finances; with remedial Suggestions. By S. Wells, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 340. Lond., Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

MR. WELLS proposes great changes, into the expediency of which we do not feel competent to enter; and we fear the remedial suggestions will not receive favour either with financiers or government.

Inquiries in International Law. By James Reddie, Esq., Advocate. 8vo, pp. 220. Edin. and Lond., Blackwoods; Saunders and Benning.

A VALUABLE treatise by the author of *The Historical View of the Law of Maritime Commerce*, and with that volume unfolding all the leading principles involved in the intercourse of nations.

Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects of London. Vol. I. Part II. 4to, pp. 191. London, Longman and Co.

SEVERAL excellent papers relating to ancient as well as modern, and foreign as well as domestic, architecture, are contained in this volume. Those on the vaults of the middle ages by Mr. Willis—on the contemporary Gothic styles in England and France by Mr. A. Poynter—on Greco-Russian ecclesiastical architecture by Herr Hallmann of Hanover—and on the colouring of ancient architecture and sculpture,—are especially deserving of notice.

Lord Brougham's Character of Mr. Pitt. By J. S. Edison, Barrister-at-Law. 8vo, pp. 317. London, Cadell; Edin., Blackwoods.

MR. EDISON defends Mr. Pitt from the imputations cast upon his character by Lord Brougham, and deduces very opposite opinions of that great statesman from the same facts and statements. On the ground of not being imbued with a deep-enough sense of religion alone, he partially modifies his eulogium on the Pilot who weathered the storm.

Works of the Hon. and very Rev. William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, &c., excepting those on Botany and Natural History. With additions and corrections by the Author. 2 vols. 8vo. London, H. G. Bohn.

THE elegant scholarship of the author is so well known to the literary world, that it is hardly necessary to do more than notice this collected edition of his various productions. The first volume is rich in poesy and Scandinavian lore; and the last, in various classical, learned, national, and religious essays and sermons. The taste, critical acumen, and stores of acquired information, displayed throughout, form a miscellany of a very pleasing and instructive character.

Banks and Bankers. By D. Harcastle, jun.

Pp. 411. London, Whittaker and Co. A VERY thorough and apparently practical examination on the intricate questions of currency and banking. Most of the prominent authors thereon are largely quoted—their theories, opinions, and data, stated—and the whole subjected to the writer's comments. The systems of public and private banking are explained; the causes of our periodical panics traced; and, in fine, Mr. Harcastle's plan of one bank of issue and a monetary system upon an improved model. There is a great deal of information collected together in his work.

A Conchological Manual. By G. B. Sowerby, jun. Illustrated by upwards of 660 Figures. 2d edit. considerably enlarged and improved. 8vo, pp. 313. H. G. Bohn.

WE are glad to see not only that this excellent manual has reached a second edition, but that the words "considerably enlarged and improved" are justly due to it, and by no means (as is too often the case) words of course. 100 woodcuts to a clear and explanatory introduction are of great value to the student; and the whole, in amended definitions and new names, together with other useful matters, make the volume every way worthy of the author, the science, and the public.

Pen Owen. Edin. and London, Blackwoods. Is the last volume issued of *Blackwood's Standard Novels*; and its strangely mingled yarn is as interesting as ever.

Stonehenge; or, the Romans in Britain. A Romance of the Days of Nero. By Malachi Mouldy, F.S.A. 3 vols. post 8vo. Bentley. WE are at a loss to conceive what could have

induced the publication of this work. It might have been the novelty of its construction; for it partakes as much of essays on early British and Druidical antiquities as it does of fiction; or it might have been, as we are told in the preface, the posthumous partiality of a father for his son's labours: in either case, it is not a book that can make its way with the public. The romance is, in fact, from first to last, made up of much desultory reading, and ample quotation from ancient and modern authors, with classical and antiquarian notes and references.

Practical Introduction to the Study of the German Language, according to the Views of Dr. Becker. By Heinrich Apel. London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Rolandi; Senior, Heathcote, and Senior; and Nutt.

DR. BECKER'S system of teaching languages has been very generally adopted in the national schools of Germany; and with such success, that it has been applied to the French by Richon, and to the English by Dr. Arnold. In noticing an elementary work like the present, it is needless to inquire into the soundness of its philosophy; but it is evidently a more simple and less laborious mode than the rather antiquated forms of Adelung, Nödden, &c. &c. Mr. Apel is, from long experience as a teacher, well qualified to elucidate the views of his prototype; and the *Introduction* before us is the result of his labours.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

London, Aug. 6, 1842.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Charlesworth's note in your No. 1331, July 23, permit me to observe, that evidence derived from examination of the jaws of the fossil, referred by Mr. C. to a common ruminant, is insufficient to establish that conclusion. Any one practically conversant with the fine gradations by which the smaller subgenera of anoplotherian pachyderms merge into the ruminant order, would pause before he committed himself to a decided opinion upon maxillary or dental characters alone; and, if not a practised comparative anatomist, might be cautioned on this point by the following passages from the text-book of paleontology, with which no one aspiring to the title of geologist would willingly be thought unacquainted. Cuvier, *ex. gr.*, says of the teeth of the *Anoplotherium gracile*, that "they present a structure which closely approximates them to their analogues in the ruminants" (*Ossements Fossiles*, 4to, 1822, t. iii. p. 61): of the molar teeth in the smaller anoplotheres, constituting the subgenus *Dichobune*, Cuvier observes, that "they still more nearly approach the molars of the ruminants" (*loc. cit.* p. 63); he describes the interval between the molars and the incisors; and of the latter he affirms that "they are entirely similar to those of ruminants;" and he concludes his description of the teeth and lower jaw by the following emphatic statement, "Or, cette dentition, cette forme de branche montante, cette grandeur même, ressemblent prodigieusement à ce qu'on observe dans les jeunes chevrotains" (*loc. cit.* p. 65). No marvel, then, if a less experienced observer, meeting with apparently the characters of a ruminant in the jaws of a fossil, which, according to his preconceived geological views, ought to be no anoplothere, should satisfactorily establish such negative in his own mind.

The opinion which I formed from inspection of teeth of the Bacton fossil is recorded in the excellent work of its discoverer, Mr. Green (*Geology of Bacton*, 8vo, 1842, p. 13), and may

not be the less accurate in being less decisive than that of Mr. Charlesworth. Subsequent knowledge of the fossil in question, by means of an apparently accurate drawing, transmitted to me by Prof. Sedgwick, strengthened my suspicion of its anoplotherian affinities—since it exhibited two metacarpal bones in the fore-foot, and two metatarsals in the hind-foot. This important character is given with equal distinctness in the engraving which afterwards was published by Mr. Green, who, in reference thereto, expressly says, "Of the metacarpal bones there are two nearly perfect, three inches and a half long" (*loc. cit.* p. 17); and thence correctly infers that the fossil is more nearly allied to the *Anoplotherium* than to the *Palaeotherium*. The two metatarsal bones of the hind-foot, called metacarpals in the text, are stated "to be nearly perfect" (*loc. cit.* p. 18), as they appear to be in the engraving. An apology seems necessary for observing that all ruminants have the metacarpals and metatarsals of each foot consolidated into a single cannon-bone; for with this bone, from ox, sheep, deer, or goat, what schoolboy has not made his first experiments in gunnery?

The evidence here adduced, and deference to the opinion of the original discoverer and describer of the fossil in question, may be admitted as sufficient ground for an allusion to its anoplotherian character in a report having for its proper subject a different division of the fossil mammalia. But on no evidence short of personal inspection would I formally pronounce upon its affinities in that section of my report to which it properly belongs. I expressly stated, in reply to Mr. Charlesworth's geological objections, that it was my intention to examine both the Bacton fossil and its stratum, before reporting upon it, with other British extinct herbivora, at the next meeting of the Association; and the necessity for a visit to Norwich does not appear to be diminished by the hasty opinion formed by Mr. C. during that in which he has anticipated me.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD OWEN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW CEMENT.

It has always been a marked feature in the *Literary Gazette* to take up the cause of new and beneficial inventions or discoveries, and use its best endeavours to direct the public attention to their merits, and recommend them to adoption, wherever they are found to be of value to the community. This journal is almost old enough to have witnessed the introduction of the Roman cement, now so important in building-concerns; and it is old enough to have seen various other cements and stuccos produced as improvements on all previous compositions. But it has never been its hap to be called upon to examine any Preparation of the kind, which bids so clearly to be of vast consequence, both as regards the external appearance, the permanency, and the comfort of dwelling-houses and public edifices, as the Cement now about to be described from actual and careful inspection. It is patented under the somewhat dubious title of "The Patent Stucco Paint Cement;" and belongs, we are informed, to certain parties in Plymouth and Devonport, near which, it seems, one of the principal ingredients is found in abundance. In appearance, as sent to London, it is not unlike the clotted cream, its county neighbour, about the same consistency, and only a little more tenacious. This substance, mixed with thrice

the same quantity of sand, forms the stucco in question; and according to the difference of the sand, from the seaside well cleansed from salt, from rivers, from roads, or from pits (the silver sand), there is a difference in the colour and quality of the cement. Before producing it for the market of architects, engineers, masons, plasterers, &c. of the metropolis, the patentees have, with great judgment, submitted it to the test of time; and had it exposed for several years to all the vicissitudes of Devonshire weather. This it has stood without a crack or discoloration; and they are thus emboldened, without fear of any failure, to state its qualities in the following terms:—

"1. Its strong adhesive properties, fixing most tenaciously to the smoothest surfaces, even to glass. 2. Its being highly repellant of water, and thoroughly impervious to wet or damp. 3. The chemical peculiarity of its composition does not admit of the possibility of its vegetating, and thereby becoming discoloured. 4. The safe and gradual rapidity with which it dries—hardening the more by the greater exposure to the atmosphere. 5. Its perfect freedom from any of the caustic qualities of lime stuccos; and consequently, 6. It may be painted upon as soon as dry—a property possessed by no other cement whatever. 7. It is not in the slightest degree affected by frost. 8. It may be kept in the cask as delivered from the manufactory for any length of time without deterioration, not requiring to be used (as other cements are) immediately after being manufactured. To merchants, therefore, and exporters, even to the remotest parts of the globe, this cement will form a most important item of commerce. 9. To engineers and conductors of public works, the use of this cement is strongly recommended in lieu of mortar, particularly in the construction of railway-arches and tunnelling—its peculiarly tenacious property forming one hardened mass with the brick or masonry, or with whatever material it may be used; and it will be found particularly valuable in laying and pointing roofs, whether of slate or tile, in the most exposed situations, rendering the whole roof fixed and immovable. The extraordinary adhesiveness of this cement, even to the smoothest surface, renders it perfectly unnecessary to hack the bricks, or make any preparatory key. The thickness with which it is to be laid on over a brick front must in a great degree depend upon the face of the brick-work; but as thin a coat of cement as can be put on, so as to arrive at one uniform surface, will be quite sufficient to defy any weather: perhaps one quarter of an inch over any brick-work may be taken as an average. On a surface that has already been cemented or plastered, a much thinner coat is sufficient—say one-eighth of an inch for average."

Of this composition, so vouched, we have seen specimens of ten square yards on a church near the end of Southwark Bridge; applied in one day, and the next as perfect and beautiful as could be desired—firm as granite, and having all the semblance of excellent freestone. We have seen it in casts of heads, and other ornamental productions of art, mouldings, cornices, &c., and in all these cases it leaves no desideratum. And, last and best of recommendations, its expense is very considerably lower than that of any article of the kind now before the public. Altogether we consider it to be most deserving of trial; and we are sure, if it obtain (as we have not the slightest doubt it must and will) the favourable opinion of our eminent architects, builders, and masons, it will tend greatly to improve the architectural fea-

tures of the capital—shew its fine brown-gray tints with advantage to the landscape in country-houses and cottages—and be a source of immense saving in the annual patchings and repairs which less durable compounds so perpetually require.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

June 21st.—"A notice on native malleable copper," by Mr. J. A. Phillips, of St. Austell, was read, in which the author states, with good reason, that copper in this form, as well as arborescent and moss-copper, is produced by an action in principle the same as that artificially employed in the electrotype process. Several mineralogical specimens were submitted to the society.

A long and highly interesting paper by Mr. A. Crosse, "On the transfer of mineral substances through various fluids by electric agency," was then read. The first experiment may serve as an illustration. Mr. Crosse kneaded some pipeclay into the consistency of putty, and imbedded in it a piece of limestone and a shell; this was in a basin: he then made a mixture of powdered sand and sulphate of iron, which he placed above the pipeclay; and, having filled the vessel with water, he allowed the whole to stand for many months. This arrangement was made in imitation of a natural arrangement of like character which had fallen under his notice, and in which the shells and carbonate of lime had become coated with sulphate of lime. In hopes of attaining the same result artificially, this experiment was instituted; and to the great satisfaction of this persevering philosopher, when he examined the results, the shell and the limestone had lost in weight, and around each were crystals of sulphate of lime. It is Mr. Crosse's strong conviction, that though many mineral productions may result from the direct action of electric currents, yet far the largest portion proceed from operations analogous to this, from the direct electrical affinity or attraction between particles of matter coming into contact by this slow and constant action. The only point in which this experiment differed from nature is, that the vessel in which the operation was carried on was not porous. On this point, Mr. Crosse stated a fact, which will not be forgotten by electrotypists, that voltaic deposits are more abundant when the vessel employed is porous, so that the sulphate of copper can slowly filter through. A series of experiments—some completed, others in progress—were then described; in one of which the mould of a sovereign was produced in solid marble, by an action not dissimilar in principle to that just described; and in a modification of the arrangement, a rod of glass, connected with the positive end of the battery, was gilded. The author does not doubt the possibility of forming any minerals, even the precious gems, by electric agency. He thinks the pearl to be nothing more than alternate layers of animal and mineral substances electrically concreted. In one of the experiments a magnificent group of fine *Acari* were developed: the production of these insects is still an object of attention to Mr. Crosse; and he anticipates, ere long, communicating with the society on the subject.—Mr. Weekes's register was then read.

July 19.—The society met for the first time in their apartments, 5 Cavendish Square, when the secretary laid before the members a special report upon his late arrangements on their behalf, by which he has provided and fitted up for them a room entirely devoted to the use of the society: the books of the society will now

be available to members; and admission to the exhibitions and lectures at the Royal Polytechnic Institution are free to them. After this special business, the chair was again taken, and the ordinary meeting was held:—a list of members elected since the last meeting was read, and a series of presents were announced, among which is a preserved specimen of *Gymnotus*, which the secretary stated to be at present in the hands of a gentleman for dissection, and that the result will be communicated to the society in due course.

A paper by Mr. H. Prater was read, "On the solution of gold in muriatic acid by voltaic agency." After describing Mr. Grove's experiment, wherein two slips of gold-leaf are immersed—the one in nitric, and the other in muriatic acid, and the solution of the latter resulted on completing the circuit, Mr. Prater says that chlorine is disengaged by the decomposing power of electricity, and then gold is dissolved by ordinary chemical affinity: he says too, that it is the chlorine liberated in nitromuriatic acid, and not the acid itself, that dissolves gold; and that chlorine is disengaged when nitric and muriatic acids are mixed and heated, is shewn by effervescence, smell, and bleaching power.

Mr. Walker's paper, "On the action of lightning-conductors," was then read. The author alludes to the very frequent employment of Leyden discharges to illustrate the effects of lightning, and advances theory and experiment to disprove the analogy. He alludes to the great visible difference between them, viz. the character of the spark: that from the large battery at the Polytechnic, exposing 70 feet of coated glass, does not exceed an inch in length, and is direct and compact, whereas a flash of lightning is indirect and zigzag, and of very considerable length—that which struck Brixton church having been 30 feet. And that this greater length does not depend on the greater quantity present, he shews from the fact, that one spark from the prime conductor of the colossal machine is upwards of 2 feet long; and he shews that the difference arises from the circumstance that the discharge of a cloud is directly through the insulating medium, while that of a Leyden jar is not; and by diagram it was manifested that the latter owes its character to the action of two forces in directions converse to each other. Having recognised good reason to reject the Leyden experiments, Mr. Walker alludes to the many conflicting opinions which are due to the adoption of them by both classes of philosophers, and shews the value of being able to banish them from the inquiry *in toto*. He then shews how direct an analogy there is between the discharge of a prime conductor and a flash of lightning; and he claims the evidence of the eye to his assertion, that the sparks which leave the conductor of the magnificent machine he employed are vivid representatives of by no means miniature flashes of lightning. An extensive series of experiments are then described, in which these sparks are thrown upon wires, and conveyed away to the earth by connexion with the gas-pipes of London, and in all cases the lateral spark is obtained; and this too, not merely from the metal in the direct line of circuit, but from pipes and gas-burners branching widely from it. But the experiment which bears most upon the point, and which links the whole into one connected mass, is this:—A brass rod proceeds from the great 7-foot globe, which forms the conductor of the machine, and terminates in a 5-inch brass ball: beneath this, screwed into a small brass disc

on the floor, is erected a similar rod, supporting a similar ball; sparks are fixed between the balls. It is assumed that the upper ball represents a cloud, and the metal disc, the floor, &c., the earth; and that the brass rod is a lightning-conductor. When another smaller rod is approached to this, sparks do not appear when the lower end of the rod touches the disc, but do appear most abundantly when it merely touches the floor. By this experiment, Mr. Walker explains that in the well-known experiment of placing a conductor and a vicinal body between two discs, and on the lower one the spark does not occur, for no other reason than because the vicinal body is in close metallic communication with the conductor: in fact, that the spark does not occur because the very means of prevention, elsewhere alluded to, are adopted; but that if such vicinal body had been in a situation similar to that of the smaller rod, sparks would have occurred. The author concludes by saying, that if his reasonings do not weaken our faith in the perfect efficacy of lightning-rods without such provision, they will strengthen it; and so, whether his conclusions be right or wrong, something will be gained to science.

A new arrangement of the voltaic battery, particularly adapted to blasting rocks, by Mr. M. Roberts, was then described. The metals are iron and zinc, and are so connected as to bring into action all the surfaces without waste. The plates are six inches square, parallel, and alternate. The zinc-plates are figured, and the iron lettered. A and B are first connected; then I is connected with C, 2 with D, 3 with E, and so on. There is no cross play of electricity here, because two plates intervene between every positive plate, and the negative plate in metallic connexion with it. The whole is so placed in a wooden frame as to be easily removed from the trough of acid: twenty pairs of each are enough for blasting.

The secretary then laid before the society Mr. Weekes's register for the past month, and read extracts.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 6.—Mr. W. W. Saunders, president, in the chair. Donations from the Entomological Society of France, &c. were announced; members were admitted; many insects were brought for distribution, presented by Messrs. Bond and Evans; Mr. Inghen exhibited some branches of the spindle-tree from Lincoln's Inn Fields, completely covered by a species of *Coccus*. Various rare insects were exhibited, and the following memoirs were read:—Description of *Depressaria Gossypiella*, a small moth, which is very destructive to the cotton-crops of India, by the president; account of new Australian *Chrysomelidae*, by the same; monograph on the genus *Nyctelia*, by Mr. Waterhouse; descriptions of numerous new species of *Coleoptera* from Adelaide, South Australia, by the Rev. F. W. Hope. Mr. Evans mentioned an exotic caterpillar, of large size, the hairs of which are so stiff as to penetrate the flesh when handled, causing inflammation.

July 4.—The president in the chair. Several donations were announced. Mr. F. Smith exhibited various British *Hymenoptera*, together with specimens of their nests, &c., in illustration of their economy:—Mr. Westwood, a new Goliath beetle from India; specimens of *Orchestes quercus* and its parasites, reared from oak-leaves;—Mr. S. Stevens, some rare British moths;—and Mr. Hope, a case of insects from Cape Palmas, many of them being new and singular. He also read extracts from a letter

from the Rev. J. S. Savage respecting the habits of the Goliath beetles of Africa, numerous specimens of several of which extremely rare insects had been forwarded to Mr. Hope. Other insects were shewn by Messrs. Saunders and Stevens; Mrs. North presented a wasp's nest found in the interior of a bee-hive, the inhabitants of which had been put to flight by the wasps. Mr. Inghen exhibited the fossil wing of a *Lemmonia* from the lias near Gloucester; and Mr. Raddon a fine specimen of *Goliathus Drurii*. A paper, containing further observations on the habits of the *Mygale Itonica* by Mr. S. S. Saunders, was read.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

July 25 (concluding meeting).—Mr. T. L. Donaldson, vice-president, in the chair. M. Pascal Coste, of Marseilles, was elected a corresponding member; and a number of very munificent donations were received. A description of the mode of constructing the enamelled floors called "Venetian floors," used in Venice and Naples, by Signor Cappitoto, architect of Venice, was read: as was a paper by Mr. J. Bonomi on the relative magnitudes of some ancient and modern cities. The number of ancient cities and their vast size, according to the accounts remaining to us, Mr. Bonomi considered evidences of great civilisation. Babylon with its hundred gates, Nineveh, Thebes, Athens, Rome, and London, were shewn by diagrams on the same scale. Mr. Godwin pointed out the resemblance which exists between the temple of Belus as described by Herodotus, the temples of Mexico, the pyramids of Egypt, the pagodas of India, Silbury Hill, and other barrows in various parts of the world.

Mr. Severn then read an interesting paper in continuation of his former remarks on fresco-painting in connexion with architecture; after which the chairman summed up the business of the session, and the meeting was adjourned.

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

July 12.—Mr. G. Leach in the chair. The following papers were read:—1. An essay "On the temperature of the atmosphere in England," by Mr. O. Whistler. 2. "On the zodiacal light." This phenomenon, Mr. Mavely considers, is a luminous stream from the sun, or some luminosity round it. It may be seen in the zodiac in clear winter evenings, and sometimes in the mornings before twilight, a few weeks after the solstices. The third paper was from Miss Burton of Cheltenham, author of *Astronomy familiarised*, &c., "On the late striking instance of planetary influence upon the earth's orb." This paper clearly pointed out the particular positions of the planets at the time of the terrible earthquake at St. Domingo. It was short, but very full of interest to the lovers of cause and effect. 4. "On atmospheric electricity," by the secretary, founded upon Mr. Weekes' observations made at Sandwich, and being in continuation of his former papers on this interesting branch of physical research. June was remarkable for a constant stream of positive electricity, supposed to arise from the proximity of Mars to the sun. This paper was accompanied by a neat diagram of the planetary positions for the month, and shewing particularly Mars' conjunction with the sun on the 25th June. A fifth paper was read by the secretary, entitled "Notes during the solar eclipse on Friday July 8th." The eclipse was totally obscured by clouds; but its effects were slightly visible, as indicated by the meteorological instruments; the air was in a state of complete saturation nearly the whole

time. Other notices of the eclipse were read from Cotswood Hills, High Wycombe, Dundee, &c. Tables were compared from various stations; and the meeting adjourned.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Aug. 6, 1842.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of August 1.—M. Dufrenoy read the report of a commission on a memoir of M. A. Burat,—a geological description of the coal-basin of the Saône and Loire.

M. A. Erman read a memoir on the differences of atmospheric pressure on the surface of the sea, and on the laws which govern the constitution of the atmosphere. The observations upon which this production is founded were taken on board a Russian corvette, in which the author made a voyage round the world. They present the advantage of having been made at the level of the sea, and therefore free from several sources of error. One of the principal results obtained by M. Erman, and which he thinks should be the starting-point of all similar researches, is, the mean pressure of the atmosphere corrected; for the intensity of the weight is not the same on all points of the globe, but it is found in close dependence on two horizontal co-ordinates of each point. This result is verified equally, whether the total pressure of the constituent parts be considered, or whether the tension of the aqueous vapour being eliminated, the permanent gases only be compared. This latter is the more important, since many meteorologists have thought that the differences observed were due to the variations in the tension of the aqueous vapour. But M. Erman has satisfied himself that the same relations subsist for dry air as for the whole of the atmosphere; only the maximum pressure in each hemisphere is a little retarded towards the poles; and the difference between this maximum and the equatorial minimum is much greater for dry air than for the whole atmosphere: on the contrary, the diminution of pressure towards the poles, the maximum being about the 25th degree of latitude, is much less rapid for dry air. With regard to longitude in this respect, the difference is unvaried; for instance, the mean pressure for equal latitudes is $3^{\circ}50'$ greater in the Atlantic than in the Pacific ocean.

M. Bessel communicated his views on astronomical refractions. Having examined the probable errors of refractions, calculated according to the tables of La Place, by a series of careful observations, M. Bessel has noticed that, at intervals, to the zenith, rising even to the 85th degree, they amounted to scarcely a quarter of the spectrum; whence he is induced to believe that the influence of the variations of the law of heat for the layers of the air commences to be sensible only above 85° . Beyond this limit, this influence increases rapidly, as indicated by the theory. Although the function of time which this law expresses is not known, it cannot be doubted that the decrease of heat is greater by day than by night. And hence refractions near the horizon may be expected to be found weaker by day than by night, the temperature for the place of observation being abstracted. At Königsberg, M. Argelander, at the request of M. Bessel, has often observed the sun at his setting and the stars near the horizon during the night; the differences between those series were $6''$ at two degrees of elevation, $10''$ at a degree and a half, $25''$ at a degree, $30''$ at half a degree. It is evidently impossible to explain such differences without knowing the variations in the

law of heat for layers of air depending on time. To this, then, should the researches of those who wish to perfect the theory of astronomical refractions be directed. But this will be a problem the solution of which would be of more value to the meteorologist than the astronomer.

M. Jacobi communicated a memoir relative to a new general principle of analytical mechanics.*

M. Jules Rossignan presented a memoir on three questions in chemistry and vegetable physiology.

M. Dumas communicated, in the name of M. Schattennan, a memoir on the employment of a new compressing roller in the construction of roads. The value of the invention appeared to be, the power of increasing at will the weight of the roller; also, the facility of managing it. The memoir was referred for report.

M. Pascal forwarded some observations on the local influences which produce goitre, and on the utility of ferruginous waters to prevent or to cure this affection.

M. Destouches sent a series of meteorological observations which he had made in Egypt.

M. Malaguti wrote, that having had occasion to repeat the analysis of crystallised phosphate of soda, he agrees with Clarke as to the quantity of water enclosed in the salt, and with M. Longchamp for that of the phosphoric acid. But he does not conclude with the latter, that the phosphoric acid contains only four atoms of oxygen.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

IN Mr. Osburn's paper, read at the Royal Society of Literature, illustrating the musical instruments mentioned in the Bible by reference to those delineated in the tombs of ancient Egypt (see report in last No. of the *Lit. Gaz.*, pp. 556-7), the following interesting particulars were also dwelt upon:—

The harp is frequently mentioned in the Bible: many forms of it were in use among the Hebrews. This was also the case with the Egyptians, who used harps with every possible variety of form. The number of strings also varies from two to twenty-four. The Egyptian harp was, like ours, made of hard wood, cased in leather; the strings (as already noticed) were made of the intestines of small animals. We learn this from harps which have been found in the tombs. The ten-stringed instrument mentioned in the Psalms was a harp; which seems also to have been highly esteemed in Egypt. It is frequently depicted in the tombs.

The Egyptian lute was also used in a great variety of forms. The finger-board was sometimes very long, as the theorbo; and in other instances about the same length as that of the modern guitar. There is a ten-stringed lute mentioned in the Bible. That of Egypt had generally five strings; but two or more performers seem to have always played together. Probably they were tuned to different pitches, and the Hebrews improved upon them by combining both in one with ten strings. The Hebrew word for lute (קִנֹּר) is translated *psaltery* in the English version. The Egyptians played the lute with the plectrum or fret.

The instrument from which the Grecian lyre was copied is frequently depicted in the tombs. It was also known in Palestine; for one of the Canaanites represented in the tomb of Pihrai, at Benihassan, is playing upon the lyre. Its Hebrew name is unknown.

*The same as he delivered to the British Association.
—Ed. L. G.

The perforated reed or pipe was used as a musical instrument both by the Egyptians and the Hebrews. Its name in the language of the latter was סִבִּי , which signifies perforation. It occurs in the paintings in the tombs under three forms:—1. The double pipe, which is so frequently represented in the works of art of Greece and Rome. 2. A single pipe of great length, which, for the convenience of the performer, was always held obliquely. The Egyptian name of this instrument was *sebi*: it was known to the Greeks by the name of παραπλάγιος , 'the oblique pipe.' 3. A shorter single pipe called *moum*. In all these instruments the sound was produced on the principle of the flageolet or whistle, and the modulations by holes in the reed, which the performer stopped with his fingers.

Of instruments of percussion, which the Hebrews seem to have had in considerable variety, there are three forms represented in the Egyptian tombs. An earthen vase of a conical form with a skin stretched over it. This is the *tambour de Basque* of the south of Europe. A skin stretched over a circular frame like the modern tambourine. A square frame with a skin stretched over it so tightly as to curve the sides inwards was the most common form of this instrument, which was identical with the timbrel of the Hebrews, and, like it, was beaten by females, as an accompaniment to the voice in religious processions and dances. There is a painting in a tomb at Thebes, the date of which closely coincides with that of the Exodus, representing a dance of females, who are also singing and beating timbrels. It is a most striking illustration of the dance of Miriam and the daughters of Israel after the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea.

The cymbals, so often mentioned in the Bible, are once depicted in the tombs. They were not round, like those afterwards used by the Greeks, in which the modern instrument has originated, but in the form of the blade of a table-knife.

All instruments were used in these remote times as an accompaniment to the voice in singing. The notion generally entertained, that the instrument was invented as an imitation of the human voice, seems to be a mistake. It is the instrument that forms the voice, not the voice the instrument. The history of music in all nations shews this. Where the instruments produce sweet sounds, the singing is also sweet, as in the South Sea Islands. Where the instruments are harsh and dissonant, as among the North American Indians and Esquimaux, their songs are a mere succession of shouts, yells, and groans.

Singers are often represented in the tombs. They sang both singly and in chorus, beating the time by clapping the hands. The prevalence of this practice in Egypt is mentioned in Diodorus Siculus. It appears also to have prevailed among the Hebrews, and explains the meaning of the expression, "O clap your hands, ye people," in the Psalms, as well as of some other passages.

SCIO.

[From the Notes of a recent Traveller.]

THE first trip that strangers take upon their arrival in the island of Scio is to the mastic district, or, as the natives have named it, τὰ ἑξήντα χωριά , the sixty villages. But it is less interesting to the antiquary than to the lover of landscape.

Our guides of the first day assured us that we would enjoy a ride along the northern shore.

We should see the Pasha's fountain—*ἡ βρύση τοῦ Πασᾶ*—and the school of the Didaskalos, as the Sciotes familiarly call the bard of seven cradles. The shady trees and sweet water were highly extolled.

We devoted a day to this excursion. After riding some five or six miles, our conductors brought the party to a halt. We could see nothing more interesting than the beach, a hundred yards off, and a bare rugged hill, at whose foot grew half a dozen plane-trees. "Here are the fountain and the school," cried the muleteers. The pasha and the poet were men of strange humours, thought the chagrined travellers. We had expected to see, at the least, a romantic retreat, a lively streamlet, and some finely wooded dell. The pasha's fountain sends forth a puny rill, trickling down some channelled rocks. Three old women were washing linen in one of its scanty pools. The utmost efforts of the imagination could not, for a moment, transform the beldames into naiads of these waters. Turning away from the first course of the treat promised us, we looked round for some "cool grot or mossy cell," such as we would willingly persuade ourselves had been the chosen haunt of the time-honoured bard; but we were directed instead to a crag nearer the sea-shore. A circular ledge, high enough for a seat, has been cut in the live rock, on its flattened top; and nearly in the centre the mason has left a block, that might have supported a table, or been a seat, a pedestal, or an altar. The Sciotes may call this the master's chair, and the circular ledge the disciples' bench. If so, the didaskalos had a very select academy. The floor of the room is not fifteen feet in diameter. But Homer had a larger school. The bounds of Greece were its early limits, and the great and good among her sons his admiring pupils.

Some maintain that no teacher heard here the drowsy hum of task-sick scholars, blending with the sullen murmur of the waves, repulsed by the immovable shore; but that Cybele was worshipped in a temple erected on this disputed site. I will not venture positively to give an opinion affecting the rival claims of the bard of heroes and of the mother of the gods.

Our stay in this over-extolled locality was short. We asked the guides if they knew of any grammata in the neighbourhood. The most intelligent recollected that he had seen some on stones at the church of the nearest village. Our beasts' heads were soon turned in this new direction. A decrepit old caloyer opened the churchyard-gate. Upon hearing the object of our visit, he shewed us on an inner wall two or three lines in the burnt-stick style, recording the appellatives, sponsorial and patronymic, of certain naval officers, together with the names of their respective ships! He quietly observed, that he knew of no other inscriptions.

A papas now made his appearance. He took us to see an inscription on a stone, fixed in the church-wall, but reversed. The letters were very legible. Their *ensemble* was as follows:—

ΑΓΑΘΟΚΑΛΗΣ
ΑΘΗΝΟΔΡΟΤ
ΜΗΤΡΙΘΕΩΝ

These words go to prove the probability that Cybele had a temple, if not on the rock, at least in this neighbourhood. An Agathocles of Chios wrote a work on husbandry; and agriculturists might well be expected to honour the daughter of Terra. Perhaps, then, the Agathocles of the inscription was no other than the Martin Doyle of the Chians. But I cannot affirm from other sources that the Greek writer

on georgic subjects was the son of an Athenodorus.

I observed a quoin of like substance, and apparently of like dimensions, with the inscribed stone, but its principal face was covered with plaster. The priest said that this part of the wall was plastered only two years ago; but he had no recollection of any letters on the stone. He never perplexed his brains with antiquarian researches. He could not say whether the above inscription were Christian or Pagan; and he perceived no distinction between the ΜΗΤΡΙΘΕΩΝ of the one, and the ΜΗΤΡΙΘΕΩΤ of the other. I am afraid that he was a very ignorant old gentleman.

The traveller may hear of inscriptions in the monastery of Aghios Minas, which crowns a height a little to the left of the road to the mastic district: they are Romaic. But would he know how the scars of late wounds still disfigure the island, he may visit the three or four remaining caloyers, and their decayed habitation. On the road he will see the best-built rural dwellings of insular Greece, once pleasant villas, now ruinous and deserted; and in the monastery a charnel-house, whose heaps of human bones and cloven skulls tell how the unresisting islander fell beneath the ataghan of the Osmanli; and Scio, bleeding and distracted, beheld the cruel achievement of the ancient Persian rivalled by her last conqueror.

CORFU.

Over the door of a small church in the village of Castrades, which lies between the modern capital of Corfu and the site of the ancient city of Corcyra, we still read the following inscription of the declining days of the Roman empire. It records the overthrow of the altars of the Hellenes or Pagans, and the re-establishment of Christianity, upon the death of the apostate Julian, by his short-reigning successor, the Emperor Jovian. The hexameter rhythm will readily be observed.

+ ΑΤΤΗΗΗΗΑΗΤΟΤΚΤΡΠΟΤΔΙΚΕΟΙΕΙΣΕΑΕΥΣΟ
ΝΤΕΕΝΑΤΗ
ΠΙΣΤΙΝΕΧΩΝΒΑΛΙΑΝΕΜΟΝΕΝΕΠΙΘΕΩΝΣΟΙΜ
ΑΚΑΡΤΤΙΜΕΔΟΝΤΑΝΑΙΕΡΟΝΕΚΤΙΖΑΝΗΧΩΝ
ΕΑΗΝΟΝΤΕΜΕΝΗΚΑΙΒΟΜΟΤΣΕΑΑΙΑΗΑΕΣ
ΧΕΙΡΟΣΑΗΟΤΙΑΝΗΣΟΒΙΑΝΟΝΕΑΝΟΝΑΝ
ΑΚΤΙ. G. R. L.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Souvenir of the Bal Costumé given by her Majesty, &c. The Drawings from the original Dresses by Mr. Coke Smyth; with Prefaces, History, and Descriptions, by J. R. Planché, Esq., F.S.A. Folio. P. and D. Colnaghi. PUBLISHED under the patronage of her Majesty and Prince Albert, this work is intended to preserve the memory of the brilliant court-festival which took place on the 12th of May.

Part I. presents the Queen in the costume of Philippa of Hainault, the wife of Edward III.; Prince Albert as her royal husband; the Duchess of Buccleuch as a lady of their court; and the Earl of Liverpool as a noble of the same period. The second Part contains Lady Portman, Earl de la Warr, Viscountess Jocelyn, and the Earl of Jersey, all of the same era,—the latter wearing the dress of one of his own ancestors. In a brief preface, Mr. Planché notices the good effects produced upon trade and various arts (rarely encouraged) by such novel and sumptuous entertainments; and points out particularly the value of adhering as closely as possible to the ascertained costumes of the persons and periods which may be selected. Thus, her Majesty, except hanging sleeves, was in the

precise garb of Philippa, as seen on her effigies in Westminster Abbey; and all the other parties were, we believe, true to the date of their personations. The brief notes of the editor explain these matters; and, from a long experience in regard to them, there could be no higher authority for their correctness in every point. The publication is very handsomely and tastefully got up, and will be a faithful record of this regal festival, when the living actors in it, like those whose appearances they assumed, shall have been also for centuries, with all their splendours and gaities, jealousies and revels, vanities and anxieties, at rest.

Tableau of Her Majesty's Bal Costumé. Drawn by C. and L. Martin. Part I. 4to. H. G. Bohn.

THE Marchioness of Londonderry (temp. Crusaders), Lord John Manners, the Countess of Jersey (Italian), Sir E. L. Bulwer (in the costume of one of his ancestors), Lady Alexandrina Vane, the Marquis of Blandford (Ivanhoe), the Comtesse St. Aulaire, and Viscount Cantelpe (Cœur de Lion), are the figures in this version of the royal *bal costumé*, which seems to have been suggested by the work of Messrs. Coke Smyth and Planché. There is not, we should think, any thing of an attempt at likenesses in the characters; and they are but queerly drawn. How far the dresses are accurate, we do not know, as some of them are merely fanciful, and do not affect any precise era. They look gay, and must have contributed much, by their variety and contrasts, to create the splendid *ensemble* of this superb entertainment. Upon the whole, however, we should have considered one work as sufficient to illustrate the occasion, and always regret to see an underselling competition in art or literature, which generally serves to injure meritorious designs, without doing much good to the imitators.

Views of Haddon Hall. By Douglas Morison. London, Graves and Co.

Haddon Hall, an ancient seat belonging to the Duke of Rutland, is one of the most interesting specimens of early English architecture, shewing the manner in which the noble and potent lived in days of old, which now exists in the country. Its hall, its dais, its dogges, its galleries, and indeed all its parts, which pertain to civil and not to military occupation, are redolent of memories which belong to bygone times of feudal character; to the chase—to the sport of hawking—to the numerous band of servitors and retainers—to the festival, where the high and the low sat together, divided but by the salt—to the music and the dance—to the minstrel and the bard. In Haddon Hall, to shut one's eyes for a minute is to dream of the past, and conjure up a thousand vivid images which dwell in history and song. There is the mailed knight instead of the silken exquisite; there is the lady of dignity instead of the gay and easy belle of more modern date; there are the rushes strewn instead of the gorgeous-piled carpet; there the gaunt hound instead of the pet spaniel; there the obsequious wand-bearing marshal instead of the spruce butler; there chine, and brawn, and baron, and huge pasty, instead of cotelette, and rissole, and fricandeau, and pâté; there the goblet, and the bowl, and the quaffing, instead of the thimble-glass and the sipping; there are our ancestors in their revels and their glory,—we open our eyes, and all are vanished. But Mr. Morison has preserved for us the scenes of their enjoyments. There is no portion of this interesting building which he has not copied with antiquarian accuracy and graphic taste. His volume is excel-

lently done; and almost every engraving is a study, at once to please the mind as a production of art, and excite the imagination by its antique forms and associations. The publication is worthy of the subject; and it is as worthily dedicated to its princely owner, the Duke of Rutland. Among the twenty-five plates, we may point out the beautiful fret-work of the Ball-room—the sweet sylvan aspect of the Lower Garden—the wild flight of steps, thickly overshadowed by trees, to the Terrace—the South-west View from the River—the splendid Dining-room—and, above all, the magnificent remains of the Tower.

Finlen's Royal Gallery of British Art. Part X. March, Moon, Ackermann and Co.

The three engravings which form this Part are—1. Rustic Hospitality, painted by W. Collins, and engraved by J. Outrim; 2. The Lucky Escape, painted by W. F. Witherington, and engraved by S. Fisher; and 3. The Lake of Nemi, by G. M. W. Turner, and engraved by R. Wallis. The two former are of similar character, as being landscapes with figures; but they possess all the individuality of the two artists from whose pencils they spring. Gentleness, grace, and expression, certainly belong to them both. More pleasing subjects can hardly be fancied. The Lake of Nemi is a splendid performance; the aerial perspective is charming, and the water and rocks nature itself. The view is just such a one as suits the genius of the master; and he has treated it in his finest style.

Christopher Wren D. D. D. Carolus Robertus Cockerell. Dum, prælaræ opifex, tua, quæ manus una creavit, compono, en! facta est altera Roma tibi. London, Moon.

THIS is a happy idea, affording at a single glance a picture of all the noble and sacred buildings erected by Sir Christopher Wren. The lofty dome of St. Paul forms a grand centre; below is the fine façade of Winchester Place; and all the space around is occupied with churches and other edifices, 62 in number, all which emanated from his genius. Marlborough House, All Souls' Oxford, the College of Physicians, Old Mansion House in Cheap-side, Greenwich Hospital, &c., are among the most conspicuous; and the whole assembly displays a creative power of vast and very various capacity. The engraving is both curious and handsome.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG FOR MUSIC.

I would that childhood's days again were mine with all their glee—
I would I had the music now that once it had for me,
Its cheerful tones, and merry words, and looks of cloudless mirth,
And the brightness of a heart that made all things seem bright on earth.

I would the charm had faded not—I would the spell had stayed
Around the many things I lov'd, where childhood's foot-steps stray'd;
And I often try to weave again the old remember'd chain
Of laughing thoughts and joyous hopes, but always try in vain.

A few years back I did not dream that ever life could fling
So sad a shade as now it throws round the first flowers of the spring;

I did not think the autumn-leaves could wear so sad a hue
As now they wear upon the trees, or when our paths they strew.

I thought that grief, and tears, and pain, but fill'd the poet's page,
Or that at least they only came with the silver hairs of age;

But my early dreams, my childhood's days, have pass'd
With all their glee,
And life hath not the music now that once it had for me.
EMMA B.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

INDIAN CLIMATE.

THE months of May and June are hot and very dry; those of December and January cold and chill in the mornings and evenings. The most extraordinary meteorological phenomena are experienced in the Ghauts, or mountain-range which divides the sea-coast on the west from the elevated table-land in the centre of India. Here the fall of rain ought to be reckoned in feet rather than inches. From June to September the hills are shrouded with thick, black, and impenetrable clouds, out of which the rain pours forth without any intermission for three months together. The sky is rarely seen, the mountain-tops are invisible, and the view is limited to a few hundred yards along the surface of the ground. Europeans find the hills at this time uninhabitable. The tiger, the bear, the wild boar, and the leopard, which had during the dry season found concealment in the jungle, now prowls abroad and commit devastation near the habitations of men. Snakes and noxious reptiles of every size and hue, unclean beasts and unsightly creeping things, come into view; and the ill-starred European who may by chance remain on the hills shudders at the thought of the monsters of the forest with which he has, unknown to himself till now, been surrounded. Every rivulet is swollen into a torrent, and pours down into the country below a series of matchless cataracts over cliffs thousands of feet high, and garnished with every variety of tropical vegetation which the crevices of the rocks supply with subsistence, or a place whereon the roots can find anchorage. During this period the rain averages 240 inches, or 20 feet, being nine times the fall which takes place in the north of Europe. The amount of rain which fell at the Mahabulshwar sanatory station, 4500 feet above the level of the sea, and 130 miles from Bombay, was this season 281 inches; this was 50 above the average: no less than 123 inches fell in July alone. The temperature here is nearly 15 deg. lower than that at Bombay. Mahabulshwar is resorted to as a sanatorium for invalids, and a place of fashionable retreat for the wealthier families generally for the hot season. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the landscape around it during the months of October and November just after the close of the rains; the vegetation is magnificent; the mountain-scenery not surpassed by any in the world; and the transparency of the atmosphere almost magical. The S.W. monsoon becomes much less violent as it approaches its close; intervals of several days often occurring when not a shower falls. It commonly concludes with squalls of wind, thunder, lightning, and rain for a few days, much more violent than any from the time of its commencement. This last burst is known over India as the Elephant storm. Having thus made a last expiring struggle, it goes off at once, leaving the dry season such as has already been described. It is difficult for one accustomed to the roads, bridges, and thoroughfares of all sorts, together with the moderate weather which prevails in Europe, to conceive the interruption which the rains occasion to general intercourse throughout India for three months in the year. If it be kept in view that the vast rivers which water our plains are chiefly fed from mountain-ranges on which twelve feet of water is

sometimes discharged in the course of thirty days, the marvel will speedily cease. The streams which flow through our level lands will often rise and fall from 10 to 15 feet perpendicularly in the course of twenty-four hours; and 25 feet is no unusual range betwixt the fair and wet-weather elevation. There is betwixt Bombay and Poonah a bridge 1000 feet long, which is often entirely filled in July and August by a body of water which rises 22 feet on its piers, and yet for nine months in the year the stream which it spans is not 70 feet wide, and may be waded across without inconvenience. The effect which the S.W. monsoon produces at sea is quite as striking as that which we have described on shore. Corals, molluscous animals, sea-snakes, and fish of the strangest forms, together with the Portuguese man-of-war, with its transparent air-float and bright blue gauzy drapery, and flower-like animals, found throughout the year far out at sea, are dashed upon the beach. Frightful shipwrecks occur even on the safest parts of the coast. In 1810 two fine vessels were lost at the mouth of Bombay harbour, when 150 human beings perished in the course of a couple of days and nights. The number of coasting-vessels which arrive at, and depart from, the port of Bombay amounts annually to about 9000. During the eight fair-weather months the average arrivals and departures amount to about seventy native vessels each way daily: during the monsoon this is reduced to about ten; and in July the average of these venturing to sea does not exceed five or six a day. The Red Sea steamers cannot at this time face the storm; and instead of making a straight run for Aden, and accomplishing this part of their voyage in eight or nine days, they stretch south twelve degrees towards the line, and start ten or twelve days sooner to enable their despatches, which take this much longer on the way, to reach England in time.—*Bombay Times.*

MUSIC.

The Melophon; a Monthly Album of Vocal and Pianoforte Music. Edited by Edw. J. Loder. London, Sherwood and Co.

AT a time when the science of sweet sounds is making such rapid progress in England; when we have singing-schools which fill Exeter Hall with harmony; when every village of a hundred houses has its concerts, and every tenth house in a city its pianoforte; ay, when even the very rocks and stones are made tributary to melody, the *Melophon* has great claims upon the patronage of the public. This monthly album gives us for half-a-crown as much and as good music as we generally pay five shillings for. The editor is Mr. Edward Loder; and he has for his coadjutors Mr. Purday, and several other pleasing composers. Songs, ballads, duets, waltzes, quadrilles, &c., already fill six Numbers of the *Melophon*; and, we hope, have fully established this periodical in the musical world.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—To-night is announced as the last of the subscription; and on Thursday Rubini took his farewell benefit with a bumper house, enthusiastic applause, and a whole *parterre* of bouquets. Together with Signor Puzzi, we believe, this favourite singer intends making a musical tour of the provinces, and, no doubt, picking up a few more thousand sovereigns in exchange for his notes. Speaking of music, we may notice that rumour wafts across the Atlantic most splendid accounts

of the powers of the younger son of Braham (the fourth?), who is represented as having a tenor quite equal to that of his celebrated father in his early days.

Covent Garden is to open on Saturday, the 3d Sept., under the direction of Mr. C. Kemble. Opera, in the highest style, will be the order of the day; and we learn that Mrs. Shaw (better known as Miss Postans, who has been improving herself, and making a great sensation in Italy) is engaged as a contralto, to sing with Miss Adelaide Kemble.

English Opera House.—The *Broken Home*, a new drama, was produced here on Monday, with several accessions to the company, and went off with decided success. The artisan's happy home is invaded by villany, and all is changed, till, according to the regular rules of dramatic justice, the innocent are rewarded and the wicked punished. *La Fourbe*, a rather original ruffian, is well played by Mr. Diddear; and a charming lively little actress, Miss Emma Stanley, contributed greatly to the *clat* of the piece, which was, in other respects, very cleverly performed by Oxberry, Lynne, W. H. Bland, Granby, Miss Tyrell, and Miss Faucit. *Blue Beard* has been removed from the Olympic, in which Bland is magnificent, and the same Miss E. Stanley quite excellent. Her by-play is of the first order.

VARIETIES.

Education of Italian Boys.—We have received, in common with many others, we presume, a circular issued by a party of Italian gentlemen, the object of which is to found, by subscription, a gratuitous school for the number of wandering Italian minstrels, mendicants, and monkey or mouse-leaders, who are so much seen plying their melancholy trades in our high-ways and byways. The idea is very humane, and will, we hope, be successfully adopted and carried into operation. The preliminary step was to try an experiment; and a school was opened on the 10th of last November; and the first week there were 100 scholars, and latterly more than 230. The total expense of this great good to June has been only 111*l*. 11*s*. 2*d*.; receipts, 82*l*. 3*s*.

The *Shugborough Hall* sale of pictures dispersed some admirable works, and at considerable prices. One Vandeveldt brought 1130 guineas; and several others 290, 400, and 420 guineas respectively. A small Karl du Jardin 250 *gs*., a Claude 310 *gs*., a Backhuysen 280 *gs*., and two Guidos (*Susanna and the Elders*) 250 guineas each.

Medical.—A meeting of the medical board of the National Vaccine Institution was held on Tuesday, the 9th instant, for the purpose of appointing a successor to the late Mr. Gillham, resident medical superintendent of the institution. The choice of the board, consisting of Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., Dr. Holland, and A. White, Esq., president of the Royal College of Surgeons, fell upon Mr. Tomkins, vaccinator at the Surrey station; and Mr. G. Simpson, surgeon, Bedford Street, Bedford Square, was elected to the latter appointment, which thus became vacant.—*Correspondent.*

Phrenological Association.—The consequence of the address delivered by Dr. Englewood to the Phrenological Association has been the resignation of many of the members; and perhaps, in reality, the dissolution of the Association. The lecturer, it seems, laid it flatly down that there is no such thing as mind, no spirit, no immortal spring attached to the body; and, in short, that nothing can exist which it is not

possible to see.—From a correspondent in the *Medical Times*, who denounces the folly of this proclaiming materialism and atheism as the fruits of phrenology, and thus affording a handle to its opponents to accuse it of holding the irresponsibility of man.

Insanity.—Dr. J. G. Davey, one of the surgeons of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum (and a great phrenologist), declares himself "strongly disposed to think that animal magnetism will be found ere long indispensable as a remedial agent in the treatment of the insane." By the by, it is curious that in common parlance they call the medical gentlemen who take charge of lunatics "mad doctors!"

Public Monuments.—The House of Commons, on the motion of Sir Robert Peel, have voted public monuments to the memory of Lord Exmouth, Lord de Saumarez, and Sir Sidney Smith.

Consumption of Smoke.—At the last monthly meeting of the Birmingham Street Commissioners, Mr. Turner reported, from the Steam-Engine Committee, that since the last meeting they had received seventy-five answers to the circulars forwarded in reference to the consumption of smoke by manufacturers and other proprietors of steam-engines in the town. Most of the replies were favourable to the objects which the committee had in view, and many of the largest manufacturers (amongst others Mr. Muntz and Mr. Shaw) had promised to put up apparatus for consuming the smoke from their steam-engines. At the next monthly meeting the committee hoped to be able to report still more favourably of the measures which they were adopting for putting an end to the smoke-nuisance.—*The Mining Journal.*

German Scientific Congress.—The meeting of German natural philosophers is appointed to take place at Mentz next month, and is expected to be numerously attended.

New Balloon.—A metallic balloon, to be worked by steam, has been projected by a mechanic at Nuremberg. It is calculated to carry fifty persons, with fifteen days' provisions; and, if the wind blows fair, may pretty well compete with Ariel's "I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes!"

Education in India.—The *Bombay Monthly Times* of June 18 contains a long and interesting account of a meeting, at which an address, with a testimonial of the value of 1500*l*., was presented to the new native Parsee Knight, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. Unlike the pieces of plate or statues of Europe on such occasions, the testimonial is to constitute a fund for the purpose of procuring translations into Gozerattee (the language of the Parsees) of the best European works, ancient and modern, and generally for the institution of schools and promotion of knowledge, and the relief of sick and indigent natives. But what enhances this noble proceeding is the princely munificence of Sir Jamsetjee, who, in returning thanks, stated that he would add three lakhs of rupees (30,000*l*.) to the sum subscribed; the whole to be devoted to the objects notified in the address, under the designation of "The Jeejeebhoy Fund"! Within the last few years, it is mentioned, this illustrious merchant has contributed nearly 60,000*l*. to public charities, independently of private benefactions. He is the architect of his own fortunes, and has a large family treading in his exemplary footsteps. An address, with a piece of plate, value 1500*l*., was also presented to James Matheson, Esq., of China, on the eve of his departure for England, and in honour of his great services to India.

Mr. John Banim.—The Irish newspapers state

the death of this distinguished writer on Friday week at his residence near Kilkenny. He has left an only daughter; and had himself long lived in great seclusion on a government pension of 150*l*. per annum. The *Tales of the O'Hara Family* is his most popular work.

Improvise on Terra-firma.

War with the Chinese

Has but lowered the seas,

So I don't care if we quarrel with Birmah;

And the sweet Income-tax,

Though it hits us hard whacks,

Is made all right by Peel's Tariff-firma.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The *Acacia-Tree*, its Growth, Qualities, and Uses, with Observations on Planting, Manuring, and Pruning, by W. Wither, 8vo, 20*s*.—Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, Part IX, 1841, 8vo, 6*s*.—Remarks on the Management of Woods, Plantations, and Hedge-Row Timber, by J. West, 8vo, 6*s*.—A Dictionary of Prophetic Symbols, by C. Daubuz, M.A., new edit. by M. Habershon, post 8vo, 7*s*.—Clement's Customs' Guide, 1842-3, 12mo, 6*s*.—Narrative of Henry John Marks, a Jew, 3d edit. 12mo, 3*s*. 6*d*.—A Sober Inquiry; or, Christ's Reign with his Saints a Thousand Years, 2d edit. 18mo, 2*s*. 6*d*.—The Omnipotence and Wisdom of Jehovah: two Orations, by J. W. Lester, 8vo, 5*s*.—Excursions in Newfoundland in 1839-40, by J. R. Jukes, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s*.—Rhymes for an Hour; Poems on several Occasions, by Clara Coulthard, 18mo, 3*s*.—The Fall of Leicester; a Dramatic Poem, by G. Warrington, 2d edition, 8vo, 3*s*.—Travels in Iceland, by Sir G. S. Mackenzie, Bart. new edit. 8vo, sewed, 1*s*. 4*d*.—Newfoundland in 1842, by Sir R. H. Bonnycastle, Knt., 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s*.—The Courser's Annual Remembrancer and Stud-Book for the Season 1840-41, with the Pedigrees, by T. Thacker, 8vo, 10*s*.—Instructions how to possess Good Health and Buoyant Animal Spirits, 2d edit. post 8vo, 3*s*. 6*d*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1842.

| July. | Thermometer. | Barometer. |
|-------------------|---------------|----------------|
| Thursday . . . 28 | From 54 to 70 | 30.04 to 29.98 |
| Friday . . . 29 | " 51 " 61 | 29.82 " 29.88 |
| Saturday . . . 30 | " 44 " 62 | 29.98 " 30.02 |
| Sunday . . . 31 | " 50 " 65 | 30.06 " 30.15 |
| August. | | |
| Monday . . . 1 | " 48 " 67 | 30.21 " 30.23 |
| Tuesday . . . 2 | " 45 " 70 | 30.11 " 30.09 |
| Wednesday . . 3 | " 54 " 76 | 29.93 " 29.91 |

Wind S.W. and N.W. on the 28th; N.E. and N. on the 29th; N. and N. by W. on the 30th and 31st ult.; N. and E. on the 1st; S.E. on the 2d; N.E. and N. on the 3d inst. A violent storm of thunder and lightning on the morning of the 28th, the rest of the day generally clear and warm; 29th. rain in the morning, afternoon generally cloudy; 30th and 31st ult. generally clear; the 1st, 2d, and 3d inst. generally clear. Rain fallen, .365 of an inch.

| August. | Thermometer. | Barometer. |
|------------------|---------------|---------------|
| Thursday . . . 4 | From 54 to 75 | 29.82 " 29.85 |
| Friday . . . 5 | " 59 " 73 | 29.89 " 29.91 |
| Saturday . . . 6 | " 60 " 68 | 29.87 " 29.89 |
| Sunday . . . 7 | " 54 " 72 | 29.92 " 29.95 |
| Monday . . . 8 | " 50 " 73 | 29.97 " 29.99 |
| Tuesday . . . 9 | " 53 " 77 | 30.00 " 29.95 |
| Wednesday . . 10 | " 55 " 84 | 29.78 " 29.64 |

Wind N. on the morning of the 4th; S.W. during the 4th and four following days; S. and S. by E. on the 5th and 10th; during the storm very variable; the 4th and 5th generally clear; 6th cloudy, with rain at times; 7th and three following days generally clear, till the evening of the 10th, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, passed over. Rain fallen, .06 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received an answer from Prof. Wheatstone to Mr. Bain's letter, which appeared in our last No., and which we regret being obliged to postpone till next Saturday. In the meantime, it is but a sense of justice which induces us to say, that it appears to us to be most satisfactory, and is fully supported by reference to distinguished men and dates prior to the month of August 1840.

We cannot avail ourselves of the Ocean Song at present. Scrutator will be taken into consideration. See Notice to Correspondents in last *Gazette*.

ENIGMA.—In our last, p. 546, col. i. l. 34, for "uniform heroes" read "uniformed heroes"—551, col. ii. l. 29, for "loek" read "loch." Scotch lochs can never have their right orthoepy in London printing.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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|--------------|-------------------|----------------------|
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| 1000 | 3 Years | 30 0 0 |
| 1000 | 1 Year | 20 0 0 |

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|------|--------------|------|--------------|------|--------------|
| 20 | £ 2 2s. 4d. | 35 | £ 2 11s. 4d. | 50 | £ 4 2s. 4d. |
| 25 | 1 14s. 2d. | 40 | 2 19s. 4d. | 55 | 5 2s. 4d. |
| 30 | 1 18s. 11d. | 45 | 2 19s. 4d. | 60 | 5 5s. 4d. |
| 35 | 2 4s. 8d. | 45 | 3 9s. 1d. | 65 | 6 15s. 3d. |

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